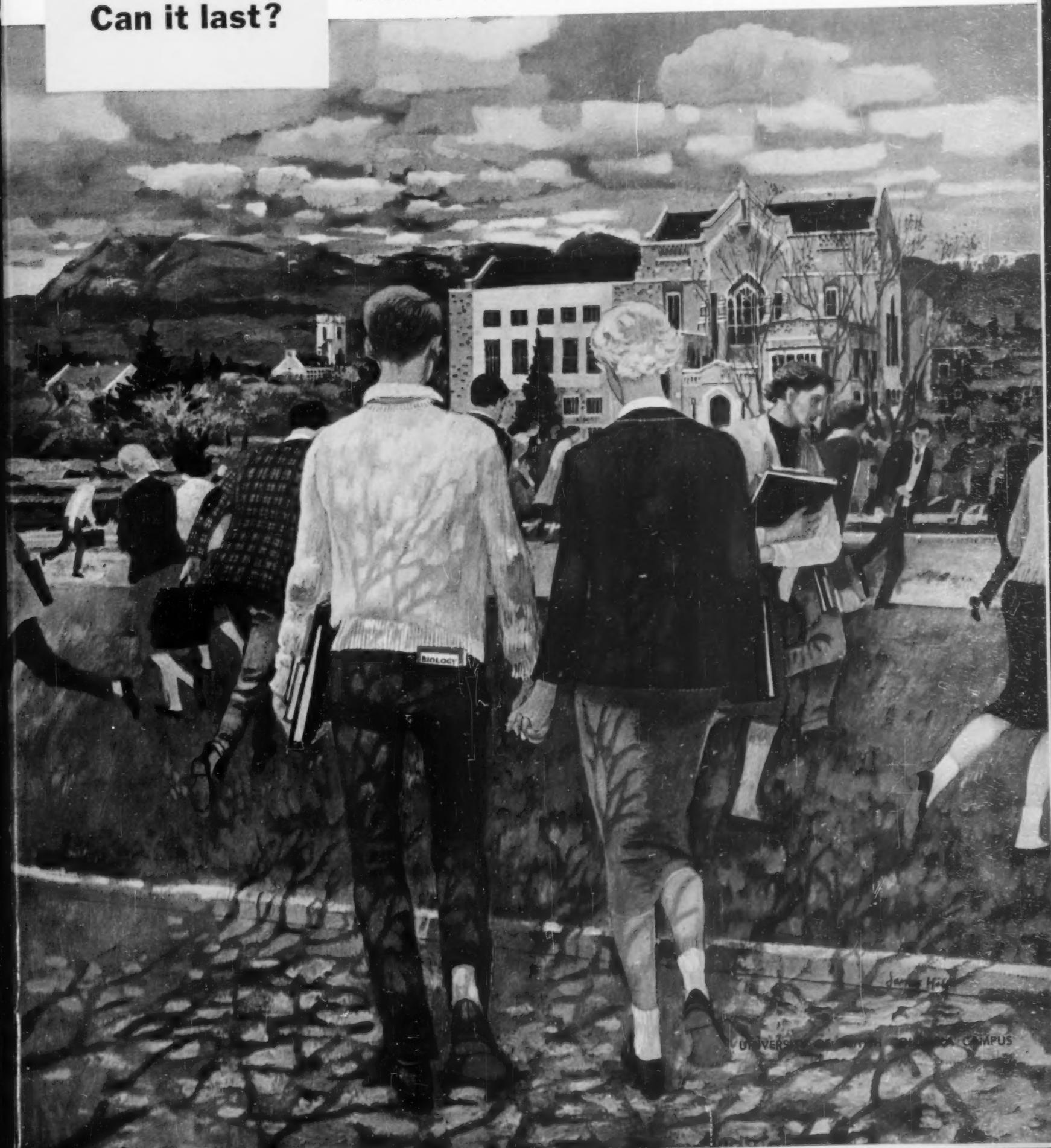


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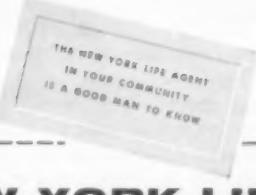
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## EDITORIAL

## What about arms for the Arabs?

Sometimes the Government's handling of an issue is so bad as to confuse people on the merits of the issue itself. A case in point is the sale of Canadian arms to Middle Eastern countries. In spite of the Government's lame explanations of its policy, we still think the policy is right.

The sale of arms abroad is a difficult question at best for a peace-loving democracy, and two of the world's troubled areas today show just how difficult it is. One is the subcontinent of India and Pakistan. These two countries, both members of the commonwealth and valued friends of Canada, look upon each other as enemies. Canada has no wish to take sides in their quarrel, but if she did want to take India's side one good way would be to impose an embargo on arms shipments to either.

India has a relatively strong industrial plant and could arm herself without much difficulty. Pakistan has no heavy industry at all. If other nations refused to sell her arms on the ground that Pakistan is in a "sensitive" area, as the diplomatic jargon has it, then Pakistan would be left totally defenseless.

But of course not all other nations would so refuse. If the Western allies won't sell arms, the Soviet bloc will. This may not be a major consideration in the case of such a loyal friend as Pakistan, but it is certainly a major consideration among the uncommitted countries of the Middle East.

There the problems of neutrality are even more delicate. For obvious reasons, the instinctive sympathy of the average Westerner lies with Israel—a modern democracy like our own, a country whose representatives think as we do on most abstract questions,

a place where the Western visitor feels at home, and moreover a plucky underdog outnumbered more than twenty to one by the Arab states.

But, though we rightly want to be friends with the Israeli, we don't want to be enemies of the Arabs. That is what creates the Western dilemma in the Middle East.

Aside from the obvious security factor—that with the Arab states as enemies the West will have trouble holding the oil resources on which its navies and air forces depend—there's another element of special importance to Canada. This country's most valued role in world affairs is that of mediator, disinterested "friend of the court." How can any nation be accepted as a mediator if all its help goes to one side?

Canada sold more than two million dollars worth of war material to Israel in the past two years. Last summer a request involving a third of that sum came from an Arab country, Egypt. Refusal would hardly have crippled the Egyptian air force, which however frail it may be is unlikely to be much affected by fifteen Harvard trainers more or less, but it would certainly have been a grim snub to a country whose trust and friendship Canada wants to have.

The Canadian Government has refused, and we hope it will keep on refusing, many more arms orders than it accepts even from friendly countries. But to take the easy course of refusing all requests from outside the NATO alliance, and thus avoid the charge of being a "merchant of death" making blood money out of other people's wars, seems to us to have only the outward appearance of neutrality. Pontius Pilate washed his hands too, but he didn't get them clean.

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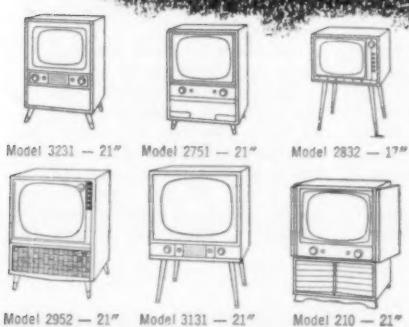
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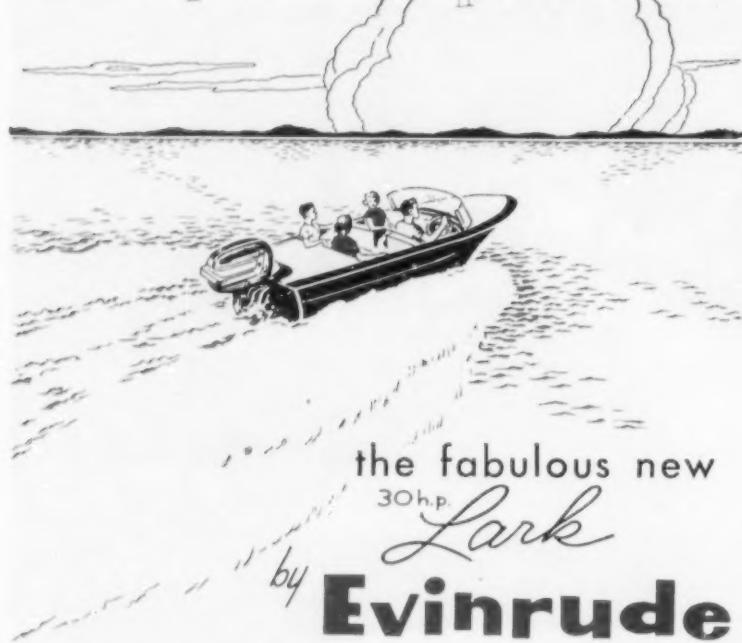
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## London Letter

By BEVERLEY BAXTER

### The magnificent movie maker

IT WAS ONE of those drizzling mugwump Saturdays peculiar to the British climate in midwinter. The weather was not cold enough to make the fireside attractive, and it was too soggy for golf.

"Let's go and see Richard III," said my wife. As a precaution we phoned the Leicester Square Cinema where it was having its first run and after considerable pressure we were allotted two seats at a guinea each.

That astonishing fellow Sir Alexander Korda had made the picture with Sir Laurence Olivier who not only directed it but played the lead. But would the cinema addicts really go to see a picture with Shakespeare as the script writer? We soon had the answer to that. A queue of hundreds were waiting outside.

Seldom have I had such an experience in the cinema or the theatre as on that Saturday afternoon. Shakespeare would have reveled in it. As for Olivier, I do not believe there is another actor in the world who could bring such relish to the role of the hunchback Richard who murdered his way to the throne and was killed in the civil war he provoked.

Korda and Olivier! What a combination!

"He lies like an epitaph." But the story of Alexander Korda is one that comprises comedy, satire, greatness and incredulity. If a novelist had invented him the verdict would have been: "No one would believe that such a man could have existed." And by all the canons of judgment that verdict would be justified.



KING-MAKER: Korda and wife, Canadian-born Alexandra Boycun.

"Being a Hungarian is not a nationality, it is a profession," Korda once said. But then with his soft, weary, humorous voice he could make anything sound like an epigram.

When the First World War ended Budapest was the dead capital of a dead country. The victors at Versailles decided that the ramshackle Austro-Hungarian Empire should be carved up into independent states. Just how the states were to survive was a problem that did not unduly depress those architects of disaster—Woodrow Wilson, Georges Clemenceau, Lloyd George and Orlando.

Young Alexander Korda had been a sort of journalist who became a sort of soldier in the war. He had also dabbled in films, but his real hobby was to make ironic comments on life in a soft persuasive voice. Any student of human nature would have prophesied that he would spend his life as a café commentator with a mordant wit.

Somehow he made his way to Paris and later on he somehow made his way to London. Forgive the repetition of the word but of all the vague men I ever met he was the most vague and the most amusing. Nature had cast him in the mold of the melancholy jester. As for a balance sheet it meant *Continued on page 44*



KING: Laurence Olivier plays lead in Alexander Korda's last film.

Less than a week later there were even bigger crowds in Trafalgar Square outside the church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. The sad-faced handsome Olivier walked up the steps to the pulpit and with perfect language and diction paid tribute to the dead Korda. The incredible Hungarian had passed from life to legend.

It is customary when a famous man dies to dwell upon his virtues and ignore his failings—hence the old English expression,



## Backstage at Ottawa

WITH BLAIR FRASER



After advertising the King discussion, the CBC threw it out.

### Why the CBC shunned the King story

**IN ALL ITS** twenty years the Liberal government has never looked as stupid as at this session of parliament. In most cases the government had no one outside itself to blame—as, for instance, when the Rt. Hon. James G. Gardiner thought he could divert attention from an indiscreet remark by having it erased from Hansard. But there have been times when the government was a victim of circumstance, made to look foolish by no act or omission of its own. One such was the alleged “censorship” of a CBC television discussion of a recent biography of Mackenzie King.

No member of the government had anything to do with the cancellation of that program project. The mess the CBC got into was entirely of its own making. Jack Pickersgill, Minister of Citizenship and Immigration, had heard about the proposed telecast from a friend but hadn't thought to mention it to his colleagues, so most of the cabinet heard of it for the first time when a CCF member asked a question in the House about it. But the incriminating circumstances were such that hardly anyone will believe this, and some of the people most convinced that the government suppressed the program are CBC employees.

The idea of having a television discussion of the Mackenzie King biography originated in London last November. It was suggested to the CBC's London man by the authors, Bernard Ostry and H. S. Ferns, or by their British publishers, and the suggestion was

relayed to Toronto by the CBC London man before anyone there had had a chance to read the book.

Nevertheless, it was a book with obvious program possibilities. There had been plenty of advance notice that it would be a hostile and highly controversial biography. Whether the book itself were good, bad or indifferent, a TV panel could have a lively time with its subject matter, the early career of the late prime minister.

Tentatively, therefore, the idea was accepted. In London an interview with authors Ferns and Ostry was recorded on film and sent to Toronto for use if and when the program was broadcast. A CBC man in Ottawa was instructed to sound out various people to see whether they would take part if a decision were made to go ahead with the program.

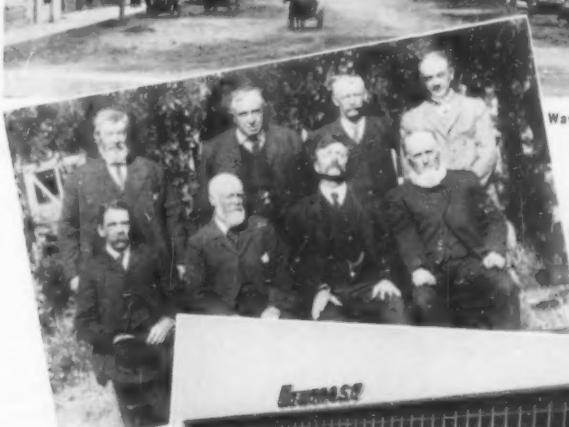
One who accepted was Fred Gibson of Queen's University, who is writing a book of his own about Mackenzie King and has also worked with R. MacGregor Dawson on the official biography. Another was John Stevenson, Ottawa editor of Saturday Night, who in King's lifetime was one of his bitterest enemies.

MacGregor Dawson himself declined. So did Fred McGregor, probably King's oldest friend and one of his literary executors. So did Senators Norman Lambert and C. G. Power, who are not great admirers of Mackenzie King but who wanted no association with the Ferns-Ostry book. So, most *Continued on page 58*

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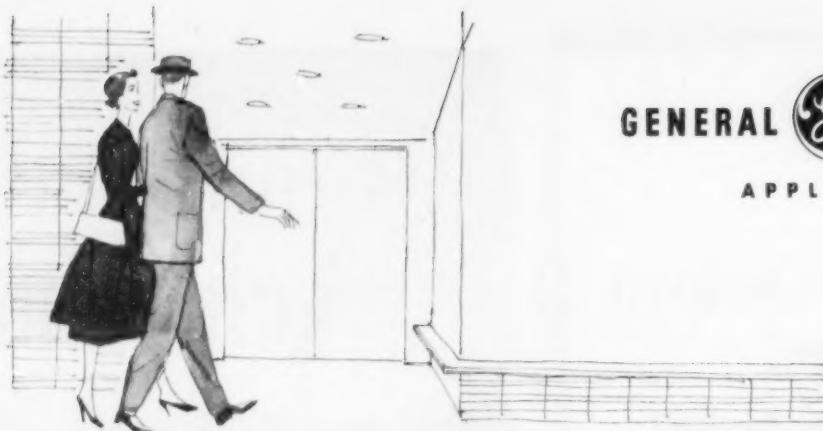


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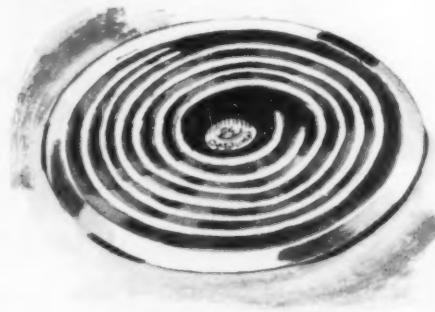
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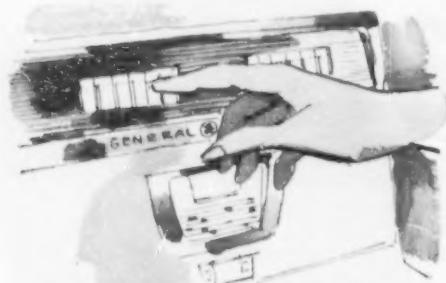
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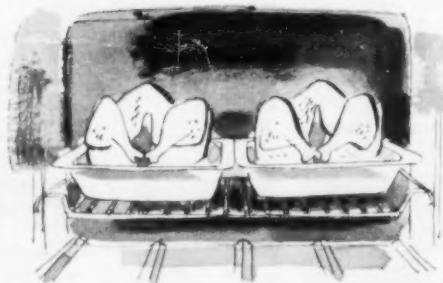
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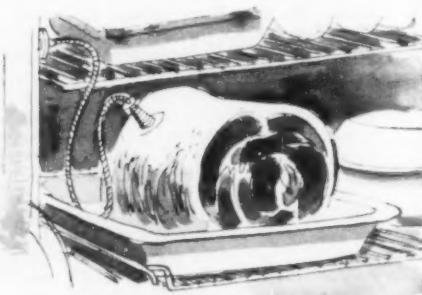
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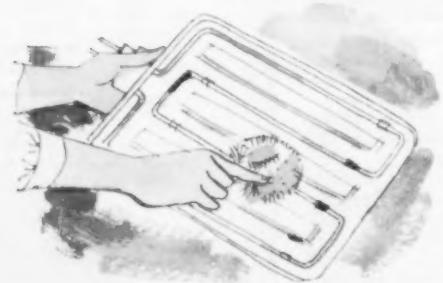
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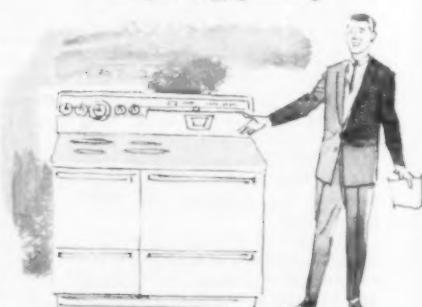
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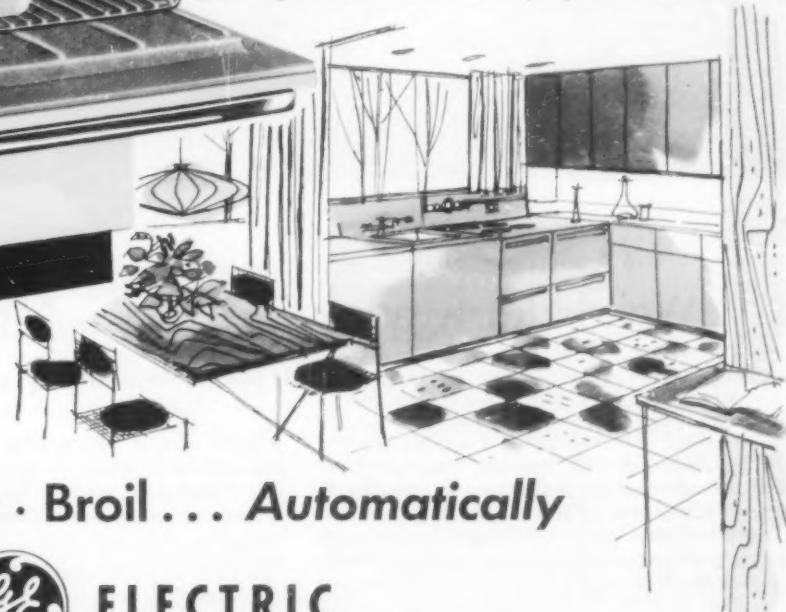


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Limited quantities of women's 'Terylene'/wool suits, by The Right-Made Garment Ltd. are now available at EATON'S, Toronto, Victoria, Saskatoon • LA CIE PAQUETTE, Quebec City • MORGAN'S, Ottawa • HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY, Winnipeg • MORTON'S, Edmonton.

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Since this crash nineteen months ago seven people have lived in a nightmare of debt, worry and pain. Three others died.

## The seven who survived



**The tragedy of an auto accident doesn't end with the dead or the damaged. Here is the stark story of seven people who lived**

**BY SIDNEY KATZ**

**T**O MOST Canadians who think about it, the annual cost of traffic accidents is fairly simple, fairly predictable and fairly final:

Lives lost: 2,000 plus

Property damage: \$60,000,000 plus

But, appalling though it is, this is not nearly the total reckoning. In terms of human tragedy, despair and economic hardship, it may not even be half the reckoning. For, in almost every fatal traffic accident there are the "lucky ones"—the ones who escape alive while others die. Almost always they go unnoticed in the black and cruel headlines; if noticed, they are soon forgotten. They have their own personal statistic—injured: sixty

thousand plus. But there's no way of translating this statistic and finding its price in loss and suffering. Those who made it return to anonymity: the anonymity of the fortunate survivor. This is the story of seven such people—seven people who lived through a single accident.

JUST AFTER midnight on August 1, 1954, William Korotash, a forty-seven-year-old factory worker, got into his car in Brantford, Ont., and started driving toward his home in Preston, twenty miles away. It was ideal weather for motoring: the night was warm and clear, the highway dry.

Korotash had six people with him in the car. They were in a happy frame of mind, having spent the evening at a dance at the

Ukrainian Hall in Brantford. Seated in the front seat with Korotash were his wife Annie, and Joseph Zelieniuk, a twenty-nine-year-old bachelor who worked in a metal foundry. In the back seat were Korotash's cousin Olga Krawchyk and her fifty-two-year-old husband Constantine, a textile worker, and Korotash's daughters, Rosalie, fourteen, and Carol, eight. They all lived in Preston.

At the very moment that Korotash was leaving Brantford, another car was entering it. It was a blue sedan driven by Wesley Stevenson, a sixty-five-dollar-a-week Brantford bus driver. In the front seat with Stevenson were his wife Muriel, and Al Jones, a fellow bus driver. The trio had spent the evening drinking beer in Paris, seven miles away, and were now almost home. *Continued on next page* ♦♦♦♦♦



PHOTOS BY JOHN SEBERT

## How a split second changed their lives



### WESLEY STEVENSON: \$75,000 in debt

He was hospitalized for four months, served a four-month sentence in prison for dangerous driving. Now he must pay damages. "I'll be the rest of my life paying," he says.

### THE SEVEN WHO SURVIVED continued

At exactly 12.10 a.m., the two cars met on a curve on highway No. 24, at the northwest limits of Brantford. Stevenson, on the wrong side of the road, was going at a high speed. In the head-on crash that followed, William Korotash and Constantine Krawchyk were killed at once. Muriel Stevenson died twenty minutes after being admitted to hospital. The two cars were totally demolished.

These were the main features of the accident which were emphasized in the newspaper reports the following day. But the full and terrible story of the accident has yet to be written. It is the story of what happened to the seven "lucky ones" who survived that awful instant on No. 24 at 12.10 a.m., August 1, 1954.

Before the accident, the seven survivors were in good health and economically comfortable. The future looked bright. A fraction of a second changed everything. Here's what has happened to the seven survivors in the past nineteen months:

**ANNIE KOROTASH** was in hospital for nine months; she's still crippled. Her face is marred

by permanent scars. She has received only a little more than \$7,000 of the \$40,396 damages awarded to her. Too weak to work, and with her husband dead, she's in dire economic straits. She owes \$7,000 in medical and other bills. She's supporting herself and her three children on a small amount of insurance that was left her. It's rapidly dwindling. She sometimes says, "I think it would be best if we all took poison."

**ROSALIE KOROTASH** spent six painful months in hospital with two broken legs. She still can't participate fully in school athletic programs. Her legs bother her in certain kinds of weather. Her education is going to suffer because of the loss of her father.

**CAROL KOROTASH** spent three months in hospital with a broken leg and severe concussion. Her mother states that she has been extremely "nervous" since the accident. She too will not have good educational opportunities.

**OLGA KRAWCHYK** spent four months in hos-

pitals. She still can't stand on her feet long enough to do her own housework. Friends tell her that she has aged fifteen years since the accident. The right side of her face has been pushed out of shape. "I cried when I first saw myself in a mirror after the accident," she says. She collected less than \$7,000 of the \$37,986 awarded to her. It was spent on medical expenses.

**JOSEPH ZELIENIUK** was unconscious for twelve days after the crash. He didn't get out of hospital for almost a year. Awarded \$18,399 damages, he actually received about \$3,000—not enough to meet his doctor and hospital bills. He still hobbles on crutches, doesn't know when he'll be able to work again. He's depressed by the enforced idleness of the past nineteen months. "I'm still suffering pain," he says, "and my money's running out. What's going to happen to me?"

**AL JONES**, after three costly months away from work due to injuries, was able to return to his bus-driving job.



### JOSEPH ZELIENIUK: on crutches, can't work

After a year in hospital, he's still in almost constant pain, can't work and has run through his savings. He has collected only \$3,000.

### It was 12.10 a.m. The night was clear. The



### ROSALIE KOROTASH: two broken legs

After the crash that killed her father she was in hospital for six months. Her legs still bother her and she can't play school sports.



**OLGA KRAWCHYK:** permanently injured

She spent four months in hospital and is still in poor health with face injuries. Awarded \$37,986, she has collected less than \$7,000.



**AL JONES:** three jobless months

The least seriously injured of the survivors, he was bedridden and unable to work for three months. Now he's back at bus-driving job.

## The cars neared. Suddenly one swung out... These seven people lived to remember



**CAROL KOROTASH:** head injury, fracture

She was in hospital for three months and is still extremely nervous from her injuries. With her father dead her schooling may be brief.



**ANNIE KOROTASH:** crippled, widowed, jobless

Even after nine months in hospital her face is permanently scarred. She owes \$7,000, must keep three children on meagre insurance.

**WESLEY STEVENSON** incurred injuries that kept him in hospital for four months. He's still unable to work. He's served four months in prison after having been found guilty of dangerous driving. He's lost his home and his car. His sister supports him: he hasn't made a cent since July 31, 1954. It's possible that some day Stevenson will recover sufficiently to go back to work. It's unlikely, however, that he will ever recover from the financial ruin resulting directly from the accident. An Ontario Supreme Court judged him responsible for the crash and ordered him to personally pay \$75,016.45 to the victims. "I'm a ruined man," says Stevenson. "I'm now virtually a slave. I'll spend the rest of my life paying."

The Stevenson accident is a tragic example of the dilemma that, conceivably, could face anyone who may become involved in an automobile accident, either as the guilty party or as a blameless victim. If a person is killed, the court may order the guilty party to pay his dependent family an amount of money equal to the amount he might have earned had he lived the normal

life span. Injured survivors may also be awarded the costs of medical care and other expenses. In addition they may be compensated for their suffering and loss of earning power. In the Stevenson accident the damages awarded—\$96,781.95—were not unreasonable since there were three parties involved: the Korotashes, the Krawchyks and Joseph Zeleniuk. Stevenson's insurance protection amounted to only \$21,765.50. Therefore, he still owes \$75,016.45. And for each year he defaults, there is added to this amount almost \$4,000 in interest.

Stevenson sees no escape from his financial nightmare. He constantly worries about the future. "It's hopeless," he says. His appetite has been so affected that at one time his weight had dropped from a normal one hundred and seventy-five pounds to one hundred and thirty-five. Today he weighs one hundred and fifty-five. On his bus driver's salary before the accident he managed to keep out of debt, but he couldn't save any money. He hasn't earned a cent since July 31, 1954, and he doesn't know when he'll be well enough to go back to work.

Even if his health permitted, he couldn't go back to driving a bus: the Ontario vehicles branch will not grant him a license until he has discharged his debts. Lacking an income, he has been unable to pay a single dollar to the victims of the accident for which he was responsible. At present he is dependent on his sister and wife. (He recently remarried.) His assets have vanished. Unable to keep up payments on his house, he turned it over to his sister. His own medical bills totaled over two thousand dollars. His late wife's funeral expenses were eight hundred and fifty dollars. He still needs physiotherapy treatments for his left arm three times a week. Stevenson is pessimistic about ever being able to pay off the damages awarded against him. "It's hopeless," he says. "I figured out that even if I paid my creditors at the rate of a thousand dollars a year, it would take me hundreds of years to get in the clear."

A. W. Boos QC, the Kitchener lawyer who represented the Korotashes and Joe Zeleniuk, has pointed out that today anybody may face financial ruin unless *Continued on page 54*

Fifteen years of unprecedented prosperity have confounded the prophets.

But what of the future? Will we keep on getting richer? How many people can we absorb? What are the chances of depression?

# How long can the boom last?

Here are some answers from business reporter and economist **PETER C. NEWMAN**

**FOR FIFTEEN JITTERY YEARS** Canada has been growing faster than any country in history. Because every past boom has been followed by a bust, most of us are wondering how long good times will last.

Many, looking back at history, feel this is a critical year. The boom that followed World War I ended abruptly eleven years later in the miseries of a decade-long depression. Could 1956—the eleventh year after World War II—strike a parallel?

While most Canadians are asking how long their wages and salaries will keep rising, a few cautious ones are wondering how long their jobs will last. Apartment dwellers want to know if this is a good time to buy a new home, or if a collapse of the real-estate market could wipe out their down payments. Investors face the quandary of whether to sell stocks to buy bonds or vice versa. Many employees worry over the ultimate purchasing power of the pension dollars they are storing up now. Housewives would like to be sure whether to buy that automatic dishwasher now or wait till next year.

The answers are subject to many ifs. Most of the economic experts agree there is only a slim chance of Canada's current boom collapsing into the kind of depression that blighted the Thirties. Canada, they are quick to point out, has not, through some economic miracle, become eternally prosperous. Periodic business slowdowns will occur. But, with some luck, they claim these pauses can be turned into breathing spells that will prevent a boom-bust sequence.

This is how many economists diagnose that part of our economic health that is largely within our own control: powerful factors are present to keep the boom rolling. The consumers' spending mood will continue, and although there are real danger signs in the national binge of borrowing and credit buying, two thirds of Canadian families still carry no installment debt and outstanding credit is being balanced by savings. One of the industrialized world's highest birth rates ensures Canada



The author, who speaks four languages, is a master of commerce and Financial Post writer.

a larger domestic market to keep secondary industries expanding.

Stock speculation is not likely to break the boom. Safeguards have been set up against a market collapse like that of 1929. Government social legislation provides another road block against depression. An enormous backlog of public works could be used to soak up any serious unemployment outbreak.

Canada has become the world's greatest supermarket for raw materials. There is no foreseeable end to the demand outside the country for many of our products. Development inside the country of new and old resources makes it sure that we shall hold and improve our place among tomorrow's great industrial powers.

But the experts warn that many of the influences that determine this country's economic condition are still beyond its control. A serious U. S. recession would certainly carry Canada with it. If the demand for our raw materials in the foreign market should ease or dry up our economy would be hard hit everywhere.

The business cycle, moving upward since 1940, has generated its own uncertainties, as in all past booms. Farmers are being pinched by declining incomes. Foreign competition is causing difficulties for textile mills and other

advanced manufacturing industries. Pools of what economists and many politicians consider "suitable" immigrants are showing signs of drying up. U. S. money is still spearheading the development of our resources. Canadians are not getting a full share, but only a share, of the country's natural wealth.

Most of the economists regard the long-range outlook as unmistakably bright. If we continue the present economic gallop we could overtake the now higher U. S. standard of living by 1975, then go on to become the world's most prosperous people. The poor will be fewer and most of us will be richer. By 1975, about a million and a half Canadians (compared with four hundred thousand now) may be earning five thousand dollars a year or more. In twenty years many Canadians will be working thirty-two hours a week or less, but pay cheques will probably buy fifty percent more goods.

In spite of this glowing distant future, Canada could limp into a moderate business slowdown before the end of 1956. The brief slump, if it comes, will be a reaction to the exuberance of 1955, when most production resources were overtaxed and almost every business indicator climbed to a new high.

In 1955 prosperity's symptoms appeared everywhere. Edmonton taxi drivers complained that cash-happy oil drillers were hiring cabs to cross the street. So many citizens of Goderich, a small western Ontario farming community, wintered in Florida that they had their own bowling league in St. Petersburg to continue hometown playoffs. Four months before graduation day a University of Toronto engineering professor wryly observed: "All my good students have already had more than five job offers. My stupid ones have had at least three." Toronto became the city with the fourth highest per-capita Cadillac ownership in the world.

This is the real driving power behind business today, the economists say: the Canadian consumer's stubborn insistence on spending to improve his way of life—a seemingly insatiable yearning for more and better things to be worn,

Continued over page ▶

#### Kluane Lake (nickel)

In this area far up in the Yukon, Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting Co. made a major strike. Rich ore also contains copper and cobalt.



#### Rankin Inlet (copper)

This new find north of Fort Churchill has also bared nickel deposits. Geologists say only a fifth of our mining areas has been probed.



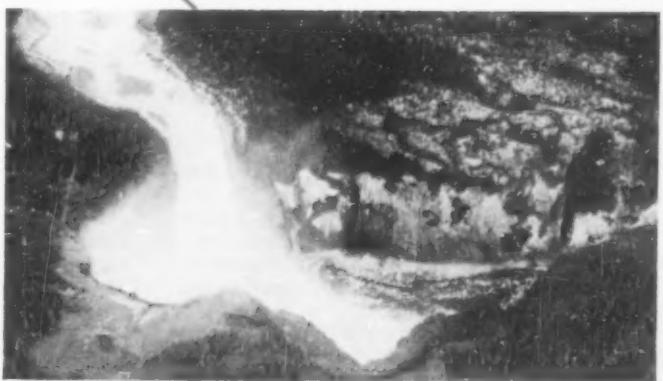
#### Pine Point (lead and zinc)

On Great Slave Lake, this giant ore body stretches for 36 miles. A 400-mile railway from Alberta is needed to open up the area.



#### Taku Inlet (smelters)

Ore from Alaska, Africa and the Philippines will go to this artificial port to be processed with power made by switching the Yukon River.



#### Grand Falls (power)

On Labrador's Hamilton River this water now rushes to waste. British engineers expect to harness it to provide power for a giant smelter.

**These are boom towns of the future. In the next decade they may be as familiar as your home town**

In addition to the areas pictured above there are dozens of others perhaps fated to become magic names in the years ahead. Some are: Mystery Lake in Manitoba, with big deposits of nickel, copper and cobalt; Belcher Islands in Hudson Bay, with millions of tons of iron ore; Tilt Cove in

Newfoundland, with a big copper field; Annacis Island, a new industrial estate near Vancouver; Wabush Lake in Labrador and Lake Laberge in the Yukon, with vast stores of iron; Allard Lake in Quebec with the world's largest titanium deposit; Highland Valley in B.C., with copper.

eaten, driven or otherwise used or enjoyed.

Although we already enjoy the world's second highest standard of living, consumer demand has not nearly been satisfied. One out of five Canadian homes has no bath or shower, sixty percent are without television, about a quarter have no mechanical refrigerators or washing machines, half are not equipped with vacuum cleaners. The market for dishwashers, driers and air conditioners has barely been touched. These unfilled requirements represent only a fraction of future sales. Two thirds of appliances sold are replacements for older units. To tempt tomorrow's buyers, appliance manufacturers are now testing portable thin-screen television sets, two-way wrist radios, electronic ovens, "seeing eye" windows that close and open automatically, ultrasonic dish and clothes washers that clean without movement and a cordless electric clock that runs on electronic impulses floating in the air. The most versatile future household helper is a gadget called the "Foodsmith" which will grind coffee, crush ice, slice cold cuts, mince meat, shred salad, sharpen knives and open cans.

Since the war Canadians have bought more than two million cars, but the auto makers predict they'll buy another two million during the next decade and eleven million more by 2000 A.D. The demand for new houses shows no signs of slackening. The average Canadian house is today thirty years old. Owen Mason, of the Vancouver Trades and Labor Council, recently told the Royal Commission on Economic Prospects: "We believe that our wants are practically unlimited and therefore, while these wants remain unsatisfied, there is no reason to ever stop working."

All this unsatisfied demand points to more and more credit buying. How much can we safely borrow and how long can we go on

## What we may see in the next fifty years ▶

Economists believe this chart may prove accurate to 1965. After that many things could change it. For example, they're not sure we'll be going around in cars in the year 2000. Perhaps by then cars will be

obsolete. Experts are pretty sure, however, that we'll labor less for a living, with earlier retirements and greater use of automation in industry. While population trebles, the labor force merely doubles.

borrowing? Twelve cents out of every dollar Canadians have to spend today are already pledged to repay past loans for automobiles, appliances and other things. While we've never been richer as a nation we've never been deeper in debt. The postwar buying spree has raised outstanding consumer credit to more than two billion dollars—a six-hundred-percent increase since 1945.

There is no precedent with which to make comparisons, but many economists believe we can safely keep buying on credit as long as disposable income (earnings after income taxes) continues to increase faster than debt obligations. A third of the estimated one and a half million Canadian families who have bought on credit have more money in the bank (or in stocks and bonds) than they owe. On the average we are putting into savings accounts eight cents from every dollar we earn. We have also insured ourselves for twenty-six billion dollars and are the world's most highly insured people. Insurance of course is a form of saving: most policies have old-age income clauses.

Without immediate visible damage, the U.S. economy has absorbed far more borrowing than has ours. Half the U.S.' families—compared to our one third—now carry instalment payments on something: round-the-world trips, dancing lessons, college educations, even wedding receptions. You can watch movies and munch popcorn at a chain of southern U.S. theatres on the strength of your gasoline credit card. The Merchants National Bank of Boston offers a borrow-by-mail service. The applicant fills out a form and gets a cheque by return mail. In New Orleans, thirty Vend-A-Check machines have been installed—for fifty cents the units issue a five-dollar certified cheque, cashable upon identification at any neighborhood store. The customer can then buy five dollars worth of goods and has fifteen days to pay back the merchant.

The main danger of this kind of indiscriminate credit is that the supply of money tends to grow faster than the supply of goods and inflation starts to develop. In Canada, where credit isn't quite *Continued on page 62*

## How much of Canada's boom do Canadians own?

One of the great puzzles of Canada's economy is the way the average Canadian backs away from betting on the future of his own country. Canada has reached a level of saving that would allow us to finance most of our own progress. Yet we continue to channel a substantial share of our capital into "safer" ventures in the U.S. and elsewhere. A per-capita comparison shows that every American now holds a stake of \$62 in Canada, while every Canadian has \$131 invested in the U.S.

"The Canadians possess a certain sobriety which inhibits them from experimenting," H. M. H. A. Van Der Valk, executive director for The Netherlands of the International Monetary Fund, observed after a recent tour of Canada.

Roughly one third of the Canadian economy is controlled by non-resident investors. More than forty percent of Canadian manufacturing and about fifty-nine percent of the mining and oil industries is owned by outsiders. Foreign interests even control one fifth of our public utilities.

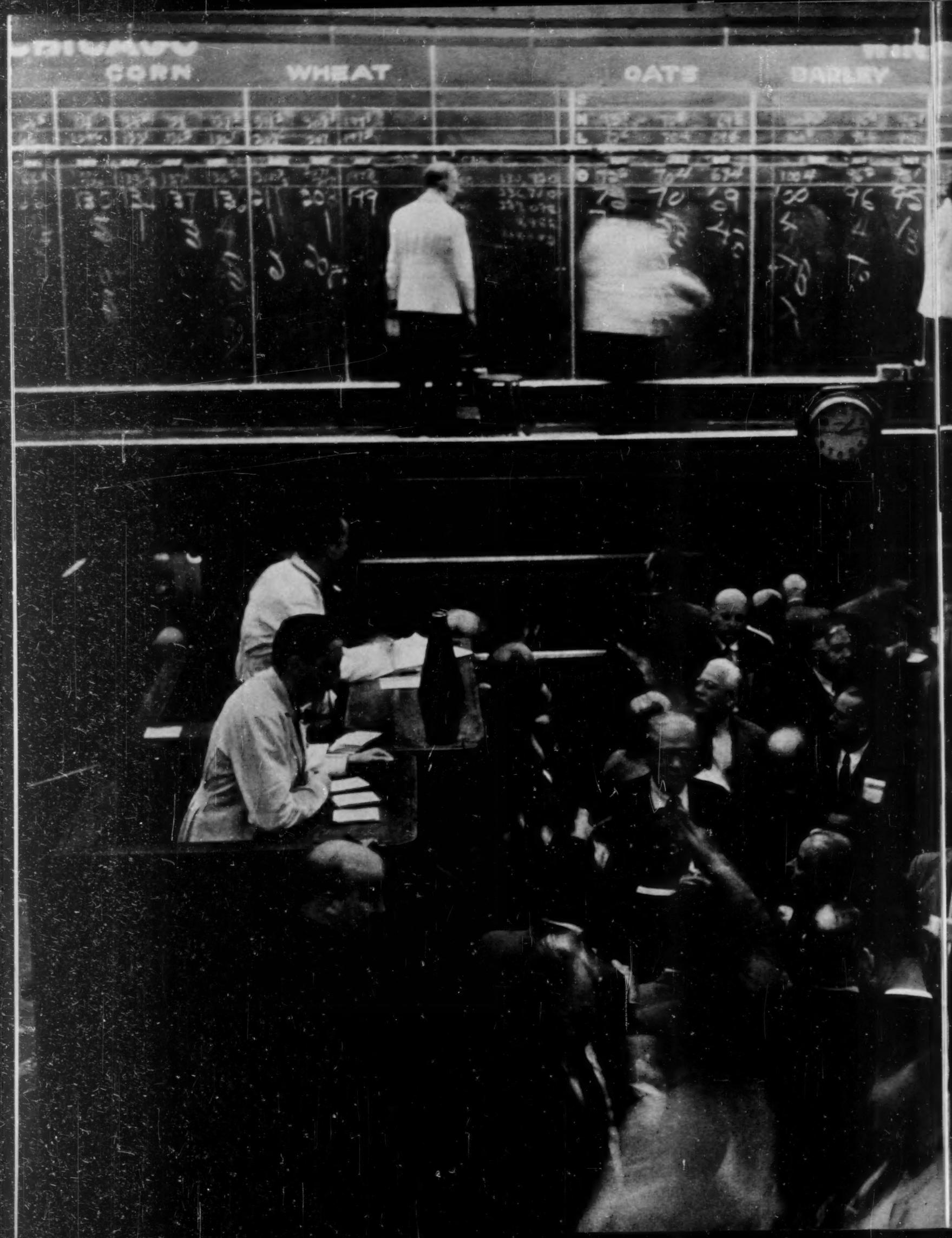
"We are not," says D. W. Ambridge, president of Abitibi Power and Paper Company, "developing our country to suit the needs of Canadians. The truth is that we are developing it to a great extent as a source of raw materials to supply the needs of the citizens of the United States."

Most Canadian economists admit that without the spur of foreign investment it would have taken Canada generations instead of years to reach present prosperity. But the money influx has reduced Canadians' share in their own boom. Profits from most resource projects are being collected by outsiders who were willing to underwrite the development risks. Alberta Premier E. C. Manning told the Royal Commission on Canada's Economic Prospects that large U.S. companies are gaining increasing control of Alberta's oil. "The U.S. firms were willing to take the risk while eastern Canadian firms were slow in believing our potential," he said. "If we had waited for Canadian investment we would be far behind where we now are."

Canadian capital has financed about eighty-five percent of the country's postwar growth, but much of this has been in such safe projects as school, highway, and bridge construction. The risk capital—the dynamic force pacing Canadian growth—has largely come from south of the border. U.S. investment in Canada has doubled since 1945 to ten billion dollars.

Part of the Canadian boom has been financed by illegally exported European funds. Most of Europe's governments place stringent restrictions on currency exports, but many industrialists have decided Canada is the safest hiding place for their personal fortunes in case of war. It is impossible to guess how many millions of this meandering money have sought refuge here. The currency transactions move through Switzerland (which has a freely convertible currency) or are carried out on the Tangier and Casablanca stock exchanges. The funds travel under a dozen names in many currencies before they are consigned to their owners in Canadian dollars.





Bruce Hutchison rediscovers  
THE UNKNOWN COUNTRY



SURPLUS WHEAT MOUNTS IN THE FIELDS

"The farmer's sold on collective marketing," said the critic. "But is it working?"

IX

# MANITOBA

*"Suddenly Manitoba realizes  
its old dominance has been lost.*

*Winnipeg is no longer the western capital—but it remains  
the true hub of the nation,  
our strongest Canadian community"*

THE Manitoba Club, that genial haunted house on Broadway Avenue in Winnipeg, boasts a certain leather chair, scuffed and torn by long use and seldom occupied. No one, I suppose, can ever truly occupy it again, for this is the chair of John Wesley Dafoe—the vacant throne of a dead age.

Remembering Dafoe as the greatest Canadian of his time, I returned to Winnipeg and entered the club with humility.

The familiar chair still stood in the reading room, surrounded by the chairs of the old monarch's vanished privy council, known in the folklore of Winnipeg as the Sanhedrin. The room was empty. Doubtless the younger men in the club that day had never seen the Sanhedrin in session and could not grasp the meaning of its disappearance. The old-timers know.

When reclining here at ease, rather like a rumpled lion, Dafoe said little. If he spoke it was in the farmer's antique idiom, acquired in

the Combermere Valley or at Bully's Acre. Mostly he listened and laughed, his great body heaving in silent convulsion, his strawstack of hair sprawling across his ruddy face.

He was always thinking, though, and his thoughts, transferred by the stub of a pencil from the Sanhedrin's throne room into the classic English style of the Free Press editorial page, frequently convulsed the nation.

In those days he and his newspaper represented a solid, concentrated and potent force in the nation's affairs. They spoke for the entire west from the undisputed prairie capital of Winnipeg.

Now Dafoe is gone, the Sanhedrin is dissolved, Winnipeg is no longer the western capital. Manitoba, where prairie civilization began, suddenly realizes that its old dominance has been lost—not merely in terms of population, business and politics, but in a much deeper fashion. The *Continued on page 32*

COLOR PHOTOS FOR MACLEAN'S BY PETER CROYDON

TRADERS ON THE WINNIPEG EXCHANGE MUST LOOK TO THE CHICAGO BOARD FOR WHEAT  
*"It's our grain!" said the farmer. "And we'll sell it as we like—but never again on the exchange!"*

In Rome or Rangoon . . . what  
clothes do you need? What money?  
Should you talk to strangers?  
Take this trip  
with Canada's most famous traveler  
and learn some lively truths

KATE AITKEN LISTS

# ten ways to enjoy your travels

**ONE OF THE GREAT DELIGHTS** of travel, according to the brochures, is the food you eat away from home. Dine in an airliner above the Atlantic or in a quaint French sidewalk café, dine on a Venetian terrazzo or in a garden in Mexico, and—ah—what food! What variety! No matter where you are going, come mealtime and you are served a series of concoctions designed to intrigue the palate and satisfy the appetite as only the chefs at the Waldorf can do—this, plus vibrationless flight, air-conditioned rooms, old-world atmosphere and matchless service. Nonsense! For the occasional traveler who is lucky these threadbare legends sometimes come true. But the world traveler who is always going places knows that you can't count on it happening.

As a radio and television commentator who talks to a million and a half Canadians every day, I have traveled about two million miles in the past twenty years gathering news and recording impressions for my broadcasts. These travels have taken me to forty-three countries and to every continent. Recently I went to Cyprus, that island powder keg in the eastern Mediterranean, to observe Britain's last stand in the Middle East. By the time I got there my appetite was about as disillusioned as the British: flying from Toronto to Montreal I had an excellent snack of chicken with creamed gravy. From Montreal to London I enjoyed roast

chicken. On the way to Paris, Air France served tasty chicken with rice. Going to Milan, Italy, Trans World Airlines proudly offered braised chicken. At Cortina, where the winter Olympics were in progress, I dropped in for lunch at an inn where the main course was chicken *tetrazzini*. Flying to Athens, British European Airways gave me chicken salad and I got to a hotel in Athens in time for a dinner of chicken with dumplings. After this gastronomical *tour de force* it was no surprise, flying to Cyprus, to get chicken fried in oil.

Admittedly, this was like hitting a jackpot and getting nothing but chicken, but it also helped to illustrate that what you read, hear, think and guess about travel often isn't so. Let the average Canadian go to a foreign country and he imagines that every cook is a chef and every chef is a genius. It just doesn't happen to be true. Neither is it true that most foreign countries are overrun with gracious porters, waiters, butlers and maids intent on helping you with the smallest task for a few francs, rubles or pesetas, or out of the goodness of their hearts. I once carried a forty-pound trunk suitcase halfway around the world—from Canada through Scandinavia, into England and thence to the U. S. I carried it from taxi-cab to railway station, from bus to airline terminal, from hotel to marquee. I would have paid five dollars for a friendly smile, let alone a

helping hand, but not one gracious porter did I meet. The lesson it taught me was never to take a forty-pound suitcase anywhere.

In almost forty years of travel I have learned many such lessons. Like the time during the war when I went to New York for the Wartime Prices and Trade Board to talk with dress-pattern makers about Canada's clothes-conservation program. My room was on the fourteenth floor of a midtown hotel and on the door of an adjoining room I noticed a sign, "Do Not Disturb." Two days later it was still there. Then a maid went in and found a gentleman tied in a chair with a bullet hole in his head. Being in the next room, I was questioned by the police. The first thing they did was examine my passport.

"Forged, most likely," an officer remarked drily.

I had a moment of panic and then insisted that they telephone Ottawa. They did and it was established that I was actually the woman I claimed to be. There is no way you can positively establish your identity in such circumstances, but I carry all the documents the laws allow and a few extra ones besides. I have my Canadian passport, of course, which states clearly "all countries." It's good everywhere except on the Arab-Israeli border, and I have a special passport for there. Attached to the passports are the *Continued on page 49*



Should you trust foreign food?

The answer is yes to fresh fruit like this in Nairobi, Kenya, says Kate, but a lot of so-called exotic foreign dishes are indigestible.



**Should you dress for all occasions?**

No, you'd need a mountain of luggage, says Kate. For trips like this with bush pilot Rowdy Rutherford at Yellowknife, she borrows clothes.

It's years since Kate cycled, but she travels 100,000 miles a year.



**How can you see the sights?**

Kate's tried all modes of travel. Here, at the coronation in 1953, she rode a motorcycle in London and stopped to talk to spectators.



**Will you find foreigners friendly?**

Kate made friends easily with these Korean children but she's found the world filled with racial rifts; in many countries whites aren't trusted.

# How beans built Canada

Our early explorers lived on them, our railroads were built on them, our armies fight on them, our doctors swear by them. We gobble ninety million pounds of them out of the can every year

BY GRATTAN GRAY

PHOTO BY BASIL ZAROV

IF A PARLIAMENTARY committee ever convenes in Ottawa to select the national dish of Canada, its honorable members might do well to consult Monsieur Donat Perreault. As master chef of the Royal York Hotel in Toronto, M. Perreault knows his way around a kitchen. His pheasant under glass is superb, his *crêpes Suzette* are a flaming wonder and his recipe for habitant pea soup, a legacy from his Quebec forebears, is a gourmet's prize.

But chef Donat would nominate none of these exotica as the national plate. That distinction, he feels, belongs only to a food that has delighted and sustained Canadians from pioneer days, one whose rich aroma contains something of the flavor of Canada itself.

Perreault's choice is, by no coincidence, the meal most Canadians eat most often—baked beans.

"Beans," says he, "are everybody's dish."

To support this claim, chef Donat has all of our history and society to draw upon. For ever since the Indian squaws of Hochelaga put a bean stew before a visiting sailor named Jacques Cartier, in 1535, Canadians have been calling for more.

At Port Royal, the first white settlement on the Canadian mainland, Parisian noblemen in velvets and lace heaped golden plates high with *feves au lard*—boiled pork and beans—and washed them down with wine. The *voyageurs* who explored the New World, the settlers who hacked out a civilization and the armies that fought for it—all made dried beans a staple of their diet. So did the lumberjacks, the trappers, farmers and fishermen who founded the nation's first industries, and the railroad builders who blazed trails of steel from coast to coast. Dur-

ing the Klondike Gold Rush of '97, the price of "Alaska strawberries"—raw beans—shot from a few cents a pound to a dollar fifty, chiefly because Dawson City merchants knew sourdoughs in the bush couldn't get along without them.

Four centuries of immigration have added to the national menu such esoteric victuals as ravioli Neapolitan, *pâté de foie gras* and lobster chow mein, but Canadians have never lost their taste for the ubiquitous bean. Last year they spent more than twenty million dollars for canned baked beans alone. All told, they put away one and a half million bushels of dried beans—yellow-eyed beans, navy beans, soldier beans, red kidney beans and more—many of them seasoned with rum, molasses, tomato sauce, sherry, mustard, onions and/or garlic. Beans were served not only by ordinary housewives but by wealthy social leaders, for the current craze for casserole dishes has made them fashionable.

Probably no other dish appeared on such widely disparate tables. Baked Beans Canadian were sold in the Royal York's elegant Imperial Room for \$1.80 a helping and, a few blocks away, seven thousand tins of them were ladled out, for free, in the Scott Mission for down-and-outers. They were served in steaming earthenware crocks to fishermen in Lunenburg, N.S., on Saturday nights; and on tin plates to uranium prospectors at Blind River, Ont., on almost any night. Bean suppers topped off sleigh rides in Quebec, curling bonspiels on the prairies and barn-raising bees in New Brunswick. Pork and beans nourished the Fox Patrol at Scout camp, convicts at Kingston Penitentiary and Sisters of Charity in their convents. In countless homes across the land last year, tardy husbands were told, "There's a can of beans on the shelf. Help yourself."

The reason why so many Canadians help themselves to beans so often is simply that they are a cheap meal, rib-stickingly nutritious and,

if properly prepared, downright delicious. In some Newfoundland outports they are held to be a powerful love tonic, and there may be some truth in the superstition. An old Nova Scotian folk tale tells of an ugly woman who "grinned like a basket of chips and spake like a heifer." But she baked the best beans for miles around, had eligible bachelors flocking to the door and married the pick of the lot.

For today's woman, whatever her motives, no meal is simpler to prepare. In ten minutes any harried housewife or, for that matter, even a hungry male, can warm up a twenty-five-cent can of Mother Machree's Yummy Oven-Baked Beans that are, the TV commercials keep saying, "just like grandma used to make."

But though Canadians annually eat about ninety million pounds of baked beans from cans, it is a striking tribute to the food in question that in this age of jiffy-everything a great many people still lavish a great deal of time on making beans just as grandma actually did.

Such a person is Dr. Bradley Pett, of Ottawa, who is head of the nutrition division of the federal Department of National Health and Welfare. When Dr. Pett bakes beans, which is often, he spends almost twenty-four hours at it, soaking white navy beans overnight, boiling them, then baking them slowly for eight or ten hours in a mixture of onion, molasses, mustard and salt pork until the bean pot is crusted with the color of old mahogany.

"You know it is time to eat," he says, "when the aroma is so rich and tantalizing that the neighbors two blocks away start dropping in unexpectedly."

Dr. Pett's interest in beans is not wholly a matter of personal taste. As the federal government's leading authority on the Canadian diet, he has also given them his professional endorsement. "Beans are the most nutritious of all vegetables," he says. "They contain a higher percentage of protein than wheat or even meat. In short, *Continued on page 46*



BEANS HOT FROM THE POT fed these hungry members of four snowshoe clubs after a long hike into the countryside near Montreal.



I, *Robert Thomas Allen*, DO HEREBY CERTIFY THAT

I'm tired of filling out forms

Ever try to answer those tricky questions?

Bob's sure that somewhere there's a little man who stays awake nights

composing them . . . and trying to drive us all mad

**MORE AND MORE OFTEN**, as civilization progresses and gets more tangled, I find myself printing my name clearly in block letters at the top of some form or other, my feet curled under the table and my tongue between my teeth, then trying to figure out where I go from there. It's hard to imagine anything more agonizing, either to me or the people who have to read my answers, than when I'm faced with a form.

A little while ago I applied for a complicated type of sickness and income insurance for people in journalism or advertising. I found myself in the familiar situation of peering between two vases of fresh-cut flowers at a girl who had handed me a blue form and motioned with the rubber end of her pencil toward a bench. And there I sat, trying to answer questions like, "Do you have any means of support now and/or do you have children? Answer 'yes' or 'no' and please print plainly," and feeling my mind coming apart. An hour later I sat before a middle-aged business woman with a cold who checked my application.

"We're a bit careless this morning, aren't we?" she said, dabbing her nose daintily with

Kleenex and transferring all the questions I'd answered on one page to another page.

She worked her way through the whole form, ending with, "We mustn't leave out the name of our city, must we, or we wouldn't know where to send you the money if you got sick," smiling wistfully and looking at me as if wondering what had happened.

as I was wondering what had happened.

What had happened was that I'd come across a column headed "Advertising," under which was listed a number of occupations. I was to check any I'd ever worked at. I checked "Write copy." Then I'd turned to the next column, which was headed "Writing copy," under which somebody with a mind like a leaky fountain pen had listed "Advertising." I'd passed the whole thing up, and started to fill out the section where I was to list all jobs I'd ever held, starting with the last, stating when I'd left and why and using more space if necessary. I was writing my way up one of the vases of flowers, when I gave up and just spent the rest of the time while I waited to be called imagining that there is a little guy somewhere who makes up forms.

I imagine his name is Harriston, and he

has an office down a flight of stairs which you enter by squeezing behind an old bureau, and I'm interviewing him. Harriston takes me around his little printing plant, brushing through cobwebs and pointing out some of his more memorable jobs.

"There's one of my earliest phrases," he says, pointing to an old CNR express form. "It's a simple thing, but effective. 'State if shipment is household goods or cans,'" he reads. "The reader can't quite settle down to it. I mean, if it were cans of peas, for instance, it would be household goods. But, if it were cans of diesel oil, it would have to go under some other classification. And I haven't provided any. A question like that tends to pull the human brain in different directions."

He tells me that he often wakes up in the middle of the night and jots down phrases on a pad he keeps on his night table. "Here's one I thought up just the other night. 'Are you under age 21 or employed in a city over 35,000?' The trick here is that people under age 21 and employed in a city of 35,000 but not over it, start looking for another line to fill out. But I just leave them there."

Harrison says he has always had an ambition to go to the United States, where many modern tendencies, including confusion, have reached their culmination.

"Here's something from their form 1040 that I did last year," he says. "It's from the simplified, or short form, of their income tax. 'State whether neither 65 nor blind, or either 65 or blind, but not married to someone making less than a \$100 a year,'" he reads. "Try that one in a hurry!"

"The trick in wording forms is not exactly to make a question too tough. Make it so they understand all the words but not what you mean. 'Break their spines with one-syllable words' is our motto. A sentence should be worded so that the reader doesn't quite know where to catch hold of it."

"A form question has to be slippery, it has to move, it has to be the same at both ends as it is in the middle. Take this one from an Ontario mortgage form. 'State rate (%) or your age (years).' You'll note the double twister given by the use of brackets. When you put brackets in a phrase, the reader doesn't know whether what's in between them qualifies what precedes them, or what the reader should put in them."

Harrison explains that there is the dangling question or what he calls the Up The Garden Path form of phraseology. As an example, he shows a beautifully framed piece of work which he is going to try to sell to the Canadian Department of National Revenue. "Enter amount from line 14, column A, above, unless you are (a) over 25 but not married, (b) did

not spend over \$500 in tips and gratuities in 1955, (c) if your taxable year ends after July 31 but you have not excluded from your income dividends received from domestic corporations, schedule J (but note, this exclusion does not apply to (1) the China Trade, or (2) the so-called exempt organizations or farmers' co-operatives)."

"I got everything in there but whether they were blind or over sixty-five," Harrison chuckles. "Slap the average wage earner with that after a hard day at the office and you plant the seeds of schizophrenia."

I ask Harrison what he thinks of the future of his profession, and he says there is every sign that within ten years he'll have things so complicated that the average person would rather go to Mexico than apply for a phone. ★



ILLUSTRATED BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON



Sharp-eyed NHL scouts size up players in a game between Toronto Marlboros and Kitchener-Waterloo Canucks. From left: Jack Humphreys, New York;

Bob E.

# They beat the bushes

## THE SCOUT SYSTEM ONCE PASSED UP THESE PLAYERS WHO BECAME STARS

Detroit acquired Gordie Howe when New York dropped him as awkward.



Toronto overlooked Milt Schmidt; Boston almost turned him down too.



Boston thought Red Kelly couldn't skate well enough. Detroit got him.



## SCOUTS PICKED THESE

Leo Gravelle seemed a hot prospect to Montreal but failed to deliver.





Bob Davidson, Toronto; Harold Cotton, Boston; Bob Wilson, Chicago.

## for stars

### PLAYERS AS STAR MATERIAL BUT THEY FLOPPED

Boston picked Ed Harrison over Red Kelly. After two seasons he faded.



Brilliant as a junior, Red Heron didn't live up to Toronto's hopes.



Will an awkward teen-ager  
grow up to skate like Rocket Richard?  
It's a frenzied guessing game  
for a handful of experts who live from  
a suitcase, shiver in  
snowbanks and often guess wrong

By TRENT FRAYNE

PHOTOS BY KEN BELL AND TUROFSKY

WHEN THE NEW YORK RANGERS entered the National Hockey League thirty years ago, the club's president, Col. John Hammond, hired a Toronto hockey enthusiast named Conn Smythe to round him up a team. One of the first men Smythe thought of was Bill Cook, a thirty-year-old star right wing for the Saskatoon Sheiks in the Western Canada League. Cook was delighted to accept five thousand dollars as a bonus for signing a two-year contract, and went on to play ten more years in the NHL and became one of the game's all-time greats.

In the summer of 1953, a fourteen-year-old boy in Timmins, Ont., named Frank Mahovlich carefully weighed the offers of five NHL clubs—or, more accurately, the offers were carefully weighed by his father Pete, a miner, as he labored four thousand feet underground at the Paymaster mine at South Porcupine. Since an offer from Bob Davidson, chief scout of the Toronto Maple Leafs, included among other things free room, board and education for the boy at St. Michael's College School, Pete accepted the Toronto bid. Frank Mahovlich is now in his third year at the school and, at seventeen, is being paid sixty dollars a week by the Maple Leafs for playing junior hockey for St. Mike's, a team sponsored by the Leafs. They regard him as an excellent professional prospect and would be entirely gratified if they should see him in their line-up within three or four more years.

For his part, scout Davidson would possibly be as much surprised as gratified for, like his counterparts on each of the other five teams in the NHL, he is engaged in the most frustrating and possibly the most baffling occupation in hockey. Thirty years ago, when the NHL was in its infancy, scouting for talent was relatively simple, as in the

case of Smythe's acquisition of the thirty-year-old, established Bill Cook. But hockey has become so well organized that nowadays teams can no longer reach out and grab an experienced pro. They must develop their own material, searching the highways and byways for young players. To do this, each of the six clubs in hockey's big time employs a chief scout whose job is to keep the organization's stockpile brimming with potential big leaguers—youngsters like Frank Mahovlich, fourteen and untried, who may make the grade and, as is more often the case, may not.

In their constant search for adolescents whom they can fold under the semi-benign wings of pro hockey, modern scouts don't often see a full-grown man play the game. Their lives are a kaleidoscope of small-town hotel rooms, lunch-counter meals, train rides off the main lines, and the stumbling figures of gangling youngsters on open-air rinks in Lac du Bonnet, Man., or Lac la Peche, Que. Some of them, like Lawrence (Spud) Russell, of Winnipeg, the chief scout of the Montreal Canadiens, rarely see an NHL game; they got their jobs because of marked success in finding and developing young hockey players for the bantam and midget hockey teams they coached on community rinks. Others, like Harold (Baldy) Cotton, the chief scout of the Boston Bruins, were hired because they themselves had long careers in the NHL and were dedicated to the game.

None of the seven now employed by the six big-league clubs (Chicago has two, the others one each) ever coached in the NHL, and only three were recognized for their playing ability—Cotton of Boston, Cecil (Tiny) Thompson, the former Boston goalkeeper who now covers western Canada for Chicago, and Bob

*Continued on next page*

# Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

## BEST BET

### THE COURT JESTER

Danny Kaye and his reliable writer-directors, Norman Panama and Melvin Frank, join forces in another high-spirited comedy, this one a burlesque of the screen's own sword-and-saber spectacles. As a craven buffoon who becomes the deadliest blade and boldest lover in Christendom whenever he is hypnotized by the palace witch, Danny is in fine fettle. Glynis Johns is the loyal maid who spurs him onward to glory.

**ANYTHING GOES:** Two urbane song-and-dance men (Bing Crosby, Donald O'Connor) and two whistle-worthy showgirls (Jeanne Moreau, Mitzi Gaynor) do their stuff in one of the season's better musicals.

**DIANE:** Handsomely staged, but slow and tedious, this is a melo-drama of court intrigue, starring Lana Turner as a shapely power behind the throne of sixteenth-century France.

**FOREVER DARLING:** A coy and frantic domestic farce, with one or two quite amusing scenes. A guardian angel (James Mason) helps Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz save their marriage.

**HILL 24 DOESN'T ANSWER:** The anguished birth of the troubled state of Israel is movingly chronicled in a tough honest drama about street fighting in Jerusalem. Brilliantly photographed in the actual locale.

**THE LAST HUNT:** Except for a questionable multiplicity of gruesome close-ups of slaughtered buffalo, this is one of the best westerns in years. Superb widescreen camerawork, believable characters and slowly mounting tension are among its numerous assets. With Robert Taylor, Stewart Granger, Lloyd Nolan, Debra Paget.

**VALUE FOR MONEY:** A minor-league British comedy about a Yorkshire tightwad (John Gregson) who falls for a phenomenally shapely gold digger (Diana Dors). Rating: fair.

## Gilmour's guide to the current crop

All That Heaven Allows: Drama. Fair.	A Man Alone: Western. Fair.
Animal Farm: Satirical cartoon. Good.	Man of the Moment: Comedy. Fair.
The Big Knife: Drama. Good.	The Man With the Golden Arm: Drug-addict drama. Good.
Blood Alley: Adventure. Fair.	Man With the Gun: Western. Good.
Cockleshell Heroes: War drama. Good.	Marty: Comedy-drama. Excellent.
The Colditz Story: Drama. Good.	The Naked Sea: Documentary. Good.
The Court-Martial of Billy Mitchell: Biographical drama. Good.	The Night My Number Came Up: British suspense drama. Good.
The Dam Busters: Air war. Excellent.	The Night of the Hunter: Drama. Fair.
The Deep Blue Sea: Drama. Good.	Paris Follies of '56: Musical. Poor.
The Desperate Hours: Drama. Excellent.	Picnic: Comedy-drama. Excellent.
Diabolique: Horror mystery. Good.	The Prisoner: Drama. Excellent.
Doctor at Sea: British comedy. Fair.	Quentin Durward: Adventure. Good.
The Good Die Young: Drama. Fair.	Ransom!: Suspense drama. Good.
Glory: Race-track drama. Fair.	Rebel Without a Cause: Drama. Fair.
Great Adventure: Wildlife. Excellent.	The Rose Tattoo: Comedy-drama. Good.
Guys and Dolls: Musical. Excellent.	The Second Greatest Sex: Open-air operetta. Fair.
Heidi and Peter: Children's story. Good.	The Spoilers: Adventure. Poor.
Helen of Troy: Epic drama. Good.	Summertime: Romance. Excellent.
Hell on Frisco Bay: Crime. Fair.	The Tender Trap: Comedy. Good.
The Houston Story: Crime. Fair.	To Hell and Back: War. Good.
I'll Cry Tomorrow: Drama. Good.	Touch and Go: Comedy. Good.
The Indian Fighter: Western. Fair.	Trial: Drama. Excellent.
It's Always Fair Weather: Satire and musical comedy. Excellent.	The Trouble With Harry: Comedy. Good.
Kismet, Arabian Nights musical. Fair.	Ulysses: Adventure drama. Fair.
Lady and the Tramp: Cartoon. Good.	The View From Pompey's Head: Drama. Good.
The Last Command: Western. Fair.	
Let's Make Up: Fantasy-musical. Poor.	
The Lieutenant Wore Skirts: Comedy. Good.	



Danny Kaye finds to his surprise a court jester could die laughing.

Davidson, the former Toronto left-winger who heads the Leaf scouting department. Spud Russell of the Canadiens and Jack Humphreys of the New York Rangers were nonplayers, and Bob Wilson, who covers eastern Canada for Chicago, was not noted as a player either. Johnny Mitchell, Detroit's chief scout, was a referee in the NHL before joining the Red Wings.

These men, few of whom get as much as eight thousand dollars a year, are constantly staking their reputations as scouts on the hunch that some kid who can scarcely get out of his own way will turn out to be another Charlie Conacher when he's old enough to borrow his father's razor. And every time any one of them looks at some adolescent he is haunted by the fear that some other scout will beat him to the punch in recognizing a big-leaguer-in-the-rough.

"It's worse than looking for a needle in a haystack," says Cotton. "At least you know what a needle looks like."

Scouts can't possibly be sure what an adolescent with a major-league potential looks like. Some youngsters who at seventeen can barely navigate the length of the rink without tripping over the blue line will burgeon into accomplished skaters overnight. Others, bursting out all over with talent in their late teens, just as suddenly achieve an uncanny state of mediocrity when they attain full growth. Hap Day, now the Toronto general manager, recalls that when he was coaching West Toronto juniors in the early Thirties he had a young centre named Red Heron whom he regarded as the finest prospect he'd ever seen.

In a play-off against Kitchener, Heron completely overshadowed his opposition, and brushed aside his rivals without much difficulty. A few years later Heron was released by the Leafs, unable to make the grade. Meanwhile at Boston a new star was emerging, a gangling youngster named Milt Schmidt who had graduated from the same Kitchener team that Heron had ridden over; who had, indeed, played opposite Heron at centre.

"I couldn't even remember Schmidt that junior series," says Day.

Few hockey men could, and anyone looking for a pro prospect would unquestionably have selected Heron. Boston came by Schmidt quite by accident. Art Ross, the Bruins' coach and general manager, invited him to Boston's training camp at Saint John, N.B., in 1936, only on the insistence of two other Kitchener players who had made the grade with the Bruins—Bobby Bauer and Woody Dumart.

"He's not big enough and he can't skate well enough," said Ross, after a personal scouting trip. "He won't do."

"He's two years younger than us," pointed out the two wingmen. "He'll fill out. Give him a chance."

So, as a favor, Ross mailed an invitation, and Schmidt, true to his friends' prediction, did fill out and, after breaking into the Bruins' line-up at eighteen, became one of Boston's most durable and accomplished players. Last spring, after nineteen years as a player, Schmidt was appointed coach of the game's great left wingers.

Hap Day, the Leaf coach in 1943, was eying Lindsay with the St. Michael's juniors. So was Detroit's Carson Cooper. Cooper followed St. Mike's to Hamilton and St. Catharines to scout him on the road. Toronto didn't. Cooper signed him.

Most scouts follow a simple rule of thumb in trying to answer the question of what makes a big-league hockey player. Primarily, they seek skating ability, but they're concerned about a prospect's personal habits too, even if he's the most graceful skater they've ever watched.

"If he's a disturber, a clubhouse lawyer, a complainer, we don't want any part of him," says Johnny Mitchell, Cooper's successor at Detroit. "Even if he looks sure-fire somebody else can

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have his talent—and the headaches."

Harold Cotton, the Boston scout, follows what he calls the Three S's in looking for talent—speed, spirit and size. Speed, of course, is skating ability. Spirit is the desire to play the game or, better still, the determination to win. Size is important because, as in all contact sports, the small man who makes the grade is the exception.

There have been, however, some embarrassing exceptions. In 1937 Beattie Ramsay scouted the old Saskatchewan Senior Hockey League on a bird-dog basis for Toronto, and came up with two youngsters named Elmer Lach and Doug Bentley, whom he dispatched to Leaf boss Conn Smythe. Smythe glanced at them briefly and then bellowed, "I thought Ramsay said he was sending me a couple of men! These are peanuts!"

Lach recalls that he has not loved Toronto since. "We were frightened to begin with," he remembers. "Smythe scared us to death with that speech. We were supposed to stay around for three or four days, but we caught the train home that night."

Picked up later by other NHL teams, both players, neither of whom weighed more than one hundred and sixty-five pounds, had long and successful careers, Lach with Montreal and Bentley with Chicago.

Other snap decisions have paid off handsomely for the impulsive Smythe who, until fifteen years ago, did most of his own scouting. He was watching McMaster University play the University of Toronto in an intercollegiate football game some years ago, and was so impressed by the determination and spirit of a McMaster halfback named Sylvanus Apps that he signed him to a hockey contract.

Apps was an Olympic pole vaulter and a good hockey player at McMaster but Smythe had never seen him play hockey.

"Anybody with that kind of spirit has to become a great hockey player," he observed after the football game.

Apps did precisely that for a dozen years with the Leafs. He might have done the same thing for Boston, except for an incident that illustrates the haphazard methods of scouting in the middle Thirties. Art Ross, the Boston manager and coach, had heard of Apps' hockey ability and wrote to the late Eddie Powers, a longtime senior hockey coach in Toronto, asking him to look up Apps at McMaster University. Powers looked all over Toronto for McMaster but couldn't find it, one of the reasons being that McMaster had been transferred from Toronto to Hamilton in 1930. When he couldn't uncover McMaster, much less Apps, Powers wired Ross: "Can't find McMaster. Must have been moved."

The man who oversold

Mistakes like this probably induced Ross to hire a scout. Baldy Cotton was among the first to sell himself as the logical man for the job. Cotton, who was working as a salesman for a milk by-products company in Toronto at the time, recalls, "I pointed out that all the good junior clubs showed up in Toronto sooner or later and that I could be on the lookout for the Bruins."

Ross agreed to give Cotton a trial and on Christmas Day, 1939, took him on at a hundred dollars a month for the rest of the season. When Cotton began digging up useful players, the Bruins induced him to leave his job and become a full-time scout.

Some scouts have sold themselves to their sorrow. In the early 1930s a Winnipeg man named Godfrey Matheson, who was scarcely known outside his own neighborhood, got far too ambitious.



MACLEAN'S

BOOTH

tious for his own good. As a self-appointed scout Matheson wrote to the late Maj. Frederic McLaughlin, the owner of the Chicago Black Hawks, extolling the merits of this player and that. Then he somehow convinced the eccentric colonel that what the Hawks really needed was Matheson as coach. Strong men blanch when they recall his methods of preparing the Black Hawks in training camp for the 1931-32 season.

His most remarkable innovation involved the late Charlie Gardiner, Chicago's great goalkeeper. Matheson did not permit Gardiner to put on a uniform through the first ten days of practice, decreeing that the goalie should save his strength for the league campaign. Matheson did the most fantastic coaching job in history; he dug up a rag dummy, life-size, dressed it in goalie's pads, pants and protector, draped a Black Hawk uniform over it and hung it in the goal.

"We hammered this dummy for a week," recalls Johnny Gottselig, a star left winger for the Hawks of that era. "We fired pucks at it until we were dizzy, day after day."

Then one morning when the Hawks went to their dressing room after a practice, they found their goalkeeper Gardiner had unstrapped the dummy, carried it to the rubbing table and was giving it a vigorous massage.

"He's been working too hard," explained Gardiner. "He's earned rub-down."

The pressure of preparing a big-league team for the schedule proved too strenuous for Matheson. He left the job before the season opened and went to Florida for a rest. Completely disillusioned, he abandoned his mail-order scouting pursuits too.

Fifteen years after Matheson's time, scouts were saddled with heavy administrative duties that demanded far more paper work than mere letter-writing to a club owner. These were imposed in 1945 when the NHL brought in legislation to protect teams that were spending money on player development and then were losing those players to other teams' sharp-eyed scouts. By this legislation, pro teams were given title to eighteen players on every team they sponsored, and a fine up to two thousand dollars could be levied against any club that negotiated with a player on another team's sponsored list. Thus was forged a new link in a scout's chain of requirements; unable to take even a sidelong glance at a boy who happened to be playing on a team sponsored by a rival NHL club, he had to go out and find mere infants to develop in his own organization.

It became a scout's duty to file

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progress reports on youngsters now controlled by his own club. Since there are an even fifty sponsored teams in Canada, this involves a good deal of paper work, because with eighteen players per team and with six teams in the NHL, each club has control of a hundred and fifty players. Some scouts, though not all, are also required to scout and file reports on all the minor professional league players controlled by the parent club in the American Hockey League, the Quebec Hockey League and the Western Hockey League. This involves an additional hundred or so players.

In their eternal search for good stock, scouts are aware that nature itself is partly responsible for the fact that young players are unpredictable. A scout's job is made no easier by the knowledge that boys who grow tall early in their adolescence often remain awkward until their reflexes and their muscles catch up to their height. Boys whose growth is steady and normal have a physical balance that enables them to skate rings around boys of the same age who have grown too quickly. Scouts know that this can explain why some hockey players who excel as juniors fizzle out in professional hockey where they compete against older players whose reflexes and physical development have matured. Conversely, it explains why the boy with two left feet at seventeen becomes as agile as a ballet dancer at twenty-two. But knowledge of these facts often serves to underline the scout's dilemma: is a big youngster floundering because immaturity is hiding latent talent or because there is no talent? Does a smaller boy excel because of his ability or because his opposition is immature?

Scouts are often haunted by the fear they'll commit the blunder of Lester Patrick, former manager and coach of the New York Rangers, who in 1942 got a tip from a bird-dog named Russ McQuarrie, of Saskatoon. McQuarrie sent a skinny fourteen-year-old youngster to Patrick's tryout camp in Winnipeg's Amphitheatre with a strong recommendation. The boy was on the ice only four or five times and, because

he was an underdeveloped six-footer, he was awkward and got scant attention from Patrick. "After about a week they sent me home," the player recalls. "Lester kept asking me my age. I kept telling him. Nothing else happened."

The player's name is Gordie Howe. He has been the NHL's scoring champion and all-star right winger in four of the last five seasons. Detroit got him because another Saskatoon bird-dog, the late Fred Pinkney, recommended him to Red Wing general manager Jack Adams after Lester Patrick had sent him home with no strings attached.

Thus, teams never cease searching for some underdeveloped Gordie Howe in the hinterland, and one of the brightest prospects in recent years is Frank Mahovlich, the son of the Timmins hardrock miner. Five NHL teams and a representative of the Buffalo Bisons of the American Hockey League, Rudy Pilous, who also serves as coach and manager of the St. Catharines juniors, bounded the youngster's father in the summer of 1953. Complete details of the arrangements that induced Pete Mahovlich to send his son to St. Mike's, the Toronto-sponsored team, are not known but Hap Day, the Leaf general manager, says that his scout Bob Davidson "simply outsold everybody." A rival scout estimates that in addition to free board, room and education at St. Michael's, and the sixty dollars a week he gets as a junior player, the boy also received five thousand dollars. The player and the Leafs decline to discuss it.

Whatever the amount, it must have been impressive. Rudy Pilous, the Buffalo scout who since has become affiliated with the Chicago Black Hawks, reveals that he offered a four-acre fruit farm in the Niagara Peninsula as an inducement to Mahovlich's father to send the boy to school in St. Catharines, but a sixth sense told him his offer was insufficient.

"I knew as soon as I sat down with the old man for the first round of beer that my visit was purely social," Pilous grins. "Fruit farm, schmoot farm, somebody had beat me to him." ★

## JASPER

By Simpkins



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### Bruce Hutchison rediscovered Manitoba

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

whole climate of opinion which surrounded Dafoe's age has changed. His world has been repealed, his western kingdom shattered.

Still, if its old sovereignty has decayed, I find Winnipeg on every visit a bigger busier city than ever, the true hub and crossroads of the nation. In the strict sense of that term, it is our strongest Canadian community, filled with our liveliest folk.

I can say that with a fine impartiality, since I detest the outside look, the flat terrain and brutal climate of Winnipeg, but respect its soul—and it has a soul to match its giant frame—just this side of idolatry. Ours has been a Platonic love affair of long standing, many lovers' quarrels and touching reconciliations in print. Once I belonged to Winnipeg, in a journalistic sense, but Winnipeg never belonged to me. That was the trouble. Winnipeg cannot belong to anyone, or perhaps he endured by anyone, except its natives—an exclusive brotherhood.

The stranger will not suspect these things at first glance. Once he bursts suddenly, in a few yards, from the Precambrian Shield of Ontario, he will easily recognize the central plain of America; it hits him straight between the eyes, like a physical blow. But he will not guess that he has entered a distinct compartment of that plain, a province unlike any other in Canada. Even when he has penetrated the deep gorges of concrete and driven down the gaping canyon of Portage Avenue, he will not surmise their contents. Cross Ontario's western border and you are on the prairies, but the prairies are not of one piece. Cross Manitoba's western border and you are in another cell of Canadian life. The Manitoba cell is practically watertight, leakproof, impregnable. And, as I soon discovered, its inhabitants are rather worried about Manitoba at the moment.

The reason for this worry—and much else—can be discerned in the Manitoba Club, if you remember its departed elders and what they stood for. A few yards off stands the last fragment of old Fort Garry, the stone-and-wooden gate long used by voyageurs from every stream between the Lakes and the Rockies. Just beyond Main Street flows the Red River, carrying a cargo of events older than La Vérendrye, as old as human life in the heartland of the continent. A block or so to the south, the Assiniboine merges with the body of its parent in the nodal point of the prairies. Across the Red lie the bones of Louis Riel, half-forgotten father of Manitoba.

Quite naturally, on such a site, the club became in later times the spiritual node, forum and nerve centre of the west. Hence, I was not surprised to meet here a survivor of the great days, who lamented their departure with much eloquence and soothing drink.

What had happened to Winnipeg and the province around it? Nothing but good, to judge from the city's affluent exterior, the crowded business streets, the suburbs spreading fast across the prairies and everywhere the well-kept, thrifty and peculiarly innocent, boyish look that has always illuminated this place.

Yes, but a fundamental shift has altered the economic, political and mental gravity of the prairies.

Not long ago Winnipeg was the central *entrepôt* of the west and its only

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real city. Now its long monopoly, dating back to Fort Garry, is broken by the vigorous young competitors of Regina, Saskatoon, Calgary and Edmonton; though Winnipeg continues to grow, Edmonton expects to outstrip it in the lifetime of the present generation.

These are the visible and calculable facts. As the old Winnipegger told me, they are not the important ones. What, I asked, would he call an important fact? Without hesitation he replied, "The wheat exchange is closed."

He spoke like a messenger announcing the destruction of a shrine and the murder of its vestal virgins. No easterner will understand it, but something of that sort—tragic, unnatural and insane, as they think—has happened to the men who used to trade wheat on the open market.

In closing the exchange, my friend explained, the Canadian government did not merely change a trading mechanism and socialize the marketing system of the prairie crop; it closed an era that started with Selkirk's first settlers on the Red River. It canceled Winnipeg's power to fix world grain prices by auction, and transferred that power to an organ of the state. It muted the wheat brokers, whose hoarse voices, clamoring in the pit, could be heard from here to Chicago, Liverpool and Moscow. It opened a new era.

There, said the old-timer, was a local fact, comprehending all the larger facts of our age. He meant, of course, the swing in society everywhere from individualism to collectivism, in greater or less degree. When even the rabidly individualistic farmers sold their grain collectively, and pooled their profits, something profound and incalculable had happened to the west.

Yes, he went on, and something else had happened about the same time. The prairies had gone into voluntary liquidation as a united political force with the explosion of CCF socialism in Saskatchewan and Social Credit in Alberta.

Finally—my informant was close to tears by now—Manitoba and Winnipeg, while gaining in prosperity themselves, had fallen relatively behind their neighbors, east and west, in the competitive growth of Canada.

Since it symbolizes in one area an organic change in Canadian society at large, perhaps the most interesting question facing the west today is whether the exchange will ever be reopened.

Accordingly, I set out in search of a man qualified to answer that question and, as there was no hurry, I took a good look at a town that had long been my second home.

After you have lived in a place for months at a stretch your first sharp impressions are dulled. Local peculiarities become commonplace. On first acquaintance, Winnipeg struck me as utterly distinct from any town I had ever seen, but now I could not remember what made the difference.

The lavish width and defiant pedestrians of Portage Avenue; the run-down look of lower Main Street, whose day has passed; the City Hall, leering and incomparable masterpiece of contrived ugliness; the prosperous potbellied curve of Wellington Crescent and its double line of rich men's castles, many shaped like high-class penitentiaries; the older streets of broken mansions beside some new business block; the trees, laboriously planted and faithfully tended in garden and boulevard until only a few spires break through the green ceiling of summer; the killing winter winds around the Fort Garry Hotel, with the sparrows roosting for warmth on the light bulbs of the portecochere; the spacious park where they

grow bananas and tropical blooms in a huge conservatory while the demented blizzards dance out of Hudson Bay—all these things were as familiar to me as my own back yard.

I also knew a little of the north end, on the wrong side of the CPR tracks, an enclave of foreign languages, almost a separate city and the bailiwick of J. S. Woodsworth, who was arrested in the general strike of 1919 for reading aloud a passage from Isaiah, and thereby launched on a mighty crusade.

Among the immigrant peoples of the north end I had old friends, and in one

Ukrainian home especially I had enjoyed conversation, food and drink, equally good, while observing at first-hand how a foreigner painfully learns our ways. ("You know what?" the head of that household once asked me. "My daughter can't speak a word of Ukrainian! She's lost it." He seemed happy about that loss and very proud that his girl had turned completely into a Canadian.)

Sometimes I had been admitted to the big houses of the rich and watched with admiration the speed, hunger, thirst and spacious talk of Winnipeg's

upper social set; to the homes of those quiet scholars who make Manitoba University one of Canada's best; and, indeed, to a hospitality unknown elsewhere and handed down, undiluted, from the gaudy days of Fort Garry.

In short, I knew Winnipeg as our strongest community because it is alone in emptiness, must think its own thoughts, invent its own pleasures and do its own work. Surrounded by a waterless sea, it builds its own island, battens down against perpetual storms of cold, heat and river flood, flashes from its lighthouse an indomitable ray



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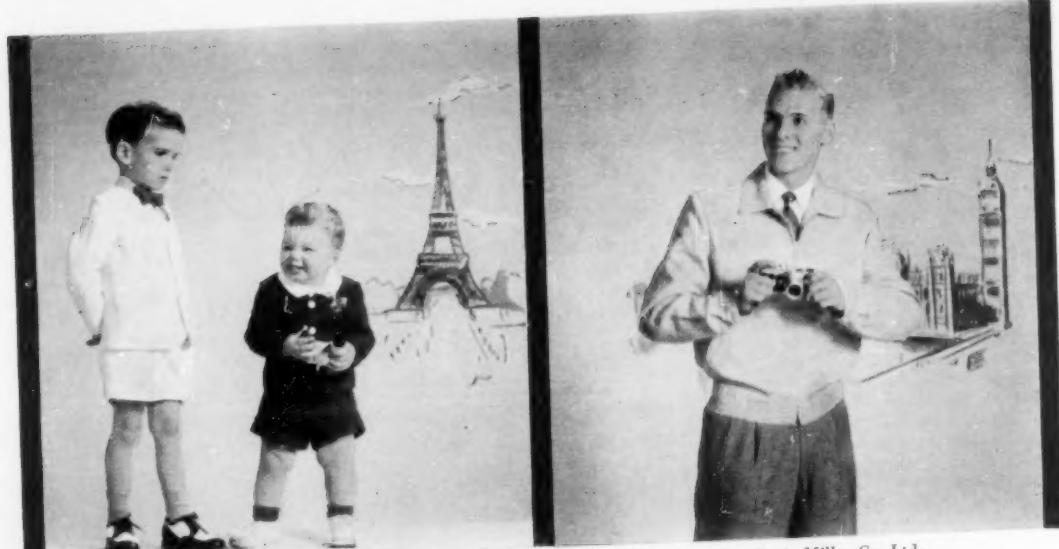
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of courage and, in a voice never quiet day or night, shouts its defiance at the darkness of mid-continent.

So there it stands — an upended slab of basalt, rimmed with frost or beaded with summer sweat, the true centre of Canada, the beating pulse, the very heart, halfway between the oceans.

But it is for natives only. Not many Canadians are strong enough to endure its climate or its pace. Why, there were mornings when, living at the cozy Fort Garry Hotel, I reached the office half a mile away, far gone in rigor mortis. And I have sat all day in a cold bath when the wind came in blowtorch blasts from the south.

Winnipeg is not glamorous and sinful like Montreal, nor fat and smug like Toronto, nor brassy and *nouveau riche* like Vancouver. No, Winnipeg lacks glamour, and is too busy for sin. It moves too rapidly to grow fat and must struggle too hard to be smug. It is too old to be *nouveau riche* and, besides, it lacks the means.

It is different because it is lonely and because it is planted deep in the soil of Red River, a black muck that makes everything grow. It grows like a gigantic plant, heavy with square concrete bloom, sucking its nourishment through steel roots from every corner of the west and never forgetting its origins. It is closer than any other city to the earth, to seed, harvest and common things. Winnipeg stands alone and yet has become the least provincial city in Canada, with the single exception of Montreal—as if it was compelled to mind its own business and build a metropolis from scratch, yet shaped itself to fit the wide world.

Winnipeg collects the prairie grain, sells it at the far ends of the earth and thus, in the ordinary course of business, must know what crops are ripening, what markets fluctuating, what governments rising or falling, everywhere.

Moreover, many of its people came from those far places where the grain is sold, and Manitoba has taken a daunting race problem in its stride. Winnipeg and Manitoba welcome immigrants into their professions, appoint a Ukrainian to the attorney-generalship, a Jew to a trial court. Precisely because Winnipeg is so conscious of race, it is our least race-conscious and most democratic community.

Not by accident, therefore (though the accident of Dafoe's presence helped), our best political thinking has usually been done here. Men thought big in a big country. There was no sound to distract them, no settled ways to prejudice them, nothing to bound their thoughts but the remote horizon line.

I pondered these things as I resumed my search for a man qualified to tell me about wheat and the grain exchange whose closing had ended an era, according to my friend. And I finally found the man I was looking for, a man who knows as much about grain and farmers as anyone on the prairies. The closing of the wheat exchange, I suggested, was a pretty big landmark on the long western march. The grain man agreed.

If, as he said, Adam Smith's infallible market and imaginary race of economic men had reared a temple and priesthood anywhere in the world, it was in Winnipeg. Since the history of the last hundred years is everywhere a retreat from the market, a shift from the individual to the community, a transfer of power from the single man to the collective men, called a state, Winnipeg and the prairies have been changed, not by chance but by world forces; not by a few men struggling to keep open or to close the wheat exchange but by the general motion of our century.

My question thus reached by implication far beyond the limits of

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AS HANDSOME DUZ  
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Winnipeg, Manitoba or even the prairies—would the wheat exchange ever be reopened?

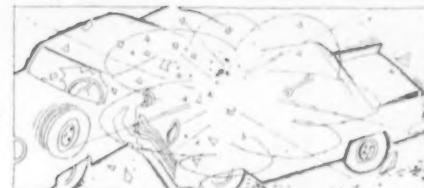
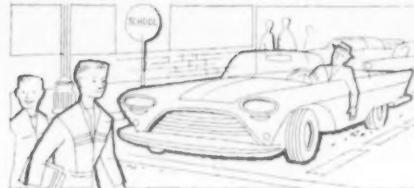
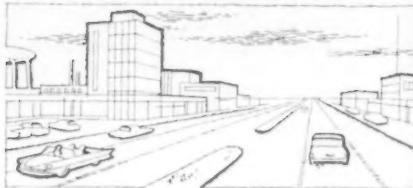
"No," the grain man answered. "Never."

Was the farmer becoming a socialist when he handed his crop over to the state by a law of his own making? This question the grain man considered a joke or an insult. Of course the farmer wasn't a socialist; he was a capitalist and a free enterpriser from way back. He had revolted against the old marketing method only because he regarded it as an uncontrollable gamble, of which he was the victim and the middleman the beneficiary.

"After all," this expert said, "there's nothing surprising about it, you know. It's just the local version of the age we happen to live in. It's a search for some rough compromise between the state and the individual. You may think farmers are dumb but they've accepted the twentieth century—which is more than you can say for a lot of businessmen in this town."

There is one view of the great experiment in western life, now under the wrenching strains of a wheat surplus. Undoubtedly it is the overwhelming majority view, as no one can doubt after talking to the farmers. The minority view is still held tenaciously, however, by some intelligent men in Winnipeg.

One of them put it to me this way: "Certainly the farmer is sold, for the moment, on collective, socialistic marketing. Yes, but is the thing working out? Well, take a look at the mess we're in right now. You can't blame it all on the Wheat Board, of course, but it's a lot worse than it had to be, or would have been if we could have applied real prices to wheat instead of a few men's



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gueses and government orders.

"It'll take the farmer some time to think his way through this present phase and see that we can't rig the world market. In the end he'll rediscover the facts of life. Then the exchange will reopen."

This debate over whether or not the exchange will reopen—and we shall hear much more of it in the next few years—concerns only a marketing method, a technique, a public policy. It does not touch the fundamental fact of the earth itself, the cruel environment in a semi-arid plain and a climate

which, I am told and veritably believe, makes Winnipeg the coldest city of any substantial size in the world.

Go to Montreal, Toronto or Vancouver and you will hear men talk of money, of timber, minerals, transportation and factories. Go to Winnipeg and you will hear them talk of grain, weather, moisture, frost, hail, rust and foreign markets. A businessman here may never have lifted a pitchfork or fixed a tractor, but he knows how grain grows.

He knows, for instance, the need of a dry spring to drive the wheat roots a

yard into the ground for moisture and make a strong plant, then the danger point of early summer when rain is vital, and the necessity of a hot August to ripen the seed before the early frost.

He knows that the livelihood of the prairies hangs on a thin margin, a few inches of rain, a few degrees of temperature and a few days more or less of growing weather. He can usually cite the crop figures forty years back to the classic yield of 1915. He is, indeed, a farmer in absentia, and his character, molded by these natural forces, makes the character of Manitoba.

Those conditions explain much but not everything. I took my final question to an eminent historian of the west. Why, I asked, was Manitoba so unlike its neighbors, Saskatchewan and Alberta, though all three of them lived on the same prairie and, for the most part, on the same industry?

"The first reason," the historian said, "is Manitoba's age. It's an old country by Canadian standards. Saskatchewan and Alberta are new. Don't forget that Selkirk's settlers came here from the Bay nearly a hundred and fifty years ago. Even before they got here, the *métis* had built a society, almost a nation. We started, you might say, with a character of our own."

"The second reason is that, later on, the bulk of our people came out of Ontario. They weren't adventurous immigrants, discontented folk or radicals from Europe or the States, like most of the settlers farther west. They were established Canadians and, whatever they might call themselves in politics, they were conservatives almost to a man. So they made Manitoba the most conservative province in Canada—west of Quebec anyway."

Manitoba, he insisted, was not truly western at all, but central, an outgrowth of Ontario standing at dead centre, geographically and mentally. It was built slowly, over a long time, whereas Saskatchewan and Alberta were settled almost overnight, in the big wheat boom.

"You might almost say," the historian added, "that Manitoba grew, whereas Saskatchewan and Alberta were invented on the spur of the moment. That's why we're different."

I continued my stroll, thinking on this strange story, and found it written legibly at the nexus of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers.

The old days are more palpable here than in any Canadian town—even Quebec—since Winnipeg is close to them in spirit. From the river junction the dullest man can see—as pictured in Whittier's verse—"the smoke of the hunting lodges of the wild Assiniboine," and hear "the bells of St. Boniface."

Yes, and a sensitive nose can still detect, even amid the smell of these city streets, the old smell of buckskin, Indian campfires, horses, pemmican and rum; the smell of smoke as the sternwheelers paddled down the Red; the smell of steam as the first tiny locomotive lurched out of the eastern badlands; the smell of printer's ink and coal-oil lamps in a log shack as the first weekly newspaper came off its hand press; and at last the clean smell of wheat pouring in from the west.

What a mixed company has passed this way by canoe, Red River cart, steamboat and railway! First the Indians and, some scholars say, the lost Vikings out of the north. Next, La Vérendrye and his sons on their hopeless search for the mountains and the western sea. Then the *métis* buffalo hunters, shivering around the frail lights of Fort Garry; the kilted Scottish settlers trudging in from Hudson Bay; Cuthbert Grant and his halfbreeds at the massacre of Seven Oaks; Riel in frock coat and moccasins ruling his brief republic; the settlers from Ontario; and the bearded men in sheepskin coats from Europe, driving their plows to the barrier of the Rockies.

All of them have left their several marks. Their trail along the river is Main Street. Portage Avenue winds in the curving path of their ox carts bound westward. A corner of their fort yard is a little garden around the crumbling gateway. The bloody grove of Seven Oaks is a park where children play and old men doze in the sun. Their first locomotive glistens in honorable retirement beside the main line of the CPR. Across the Red the towers of a



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## The rebel Riel could say... "I am the founder of Manitoba"

great basilica proclaim an older French-Canadian sub-island within the island of Winnipeg.

I walked across the bridge to St. Boniface, a distant suburb of Quebec, and stood for some time observing the gravestone of the *métis* dreamer. Riel rests under a ring of lilac bushes. Not many people pause to note his grave. Yet the rebel, martyr or madman of the west could say with some truth to the jury at Regina, "I know that, through the grace of God, I am the founder of Manitoba."

And what a name he gave it! When his emissaries wrung their own terms of union and bill of rights out of the helpless Canadian government, they told John A. Macdonald that Manitoba meant, in some Indian dialect, "the God that speaks." It continues to speak in diverse tongues, but how many of Manitoba's present rulers remember the meaning of its name?

They have built their own monument in the Legislative Building rising, out of early graft and scandal, in clean-cut design, its dome topped by the Golden Boy, a civic idol. Beneath the dome all the history of two centuries since La Vérendrye's time now issues in a confusing struggle for power.

Premier Douglas Campbell is a farmer, a man of Scottish blood. His muscular, weather-beaten face is the collective face of Scotland and the west. His mind is shaped by harsh memories. He remembers the Depression, when he used to drive a wagonload of hogs into town and sell them for two or three cents a pound. The recollection of drought and disaster dominates his policy of thrift, debt reduction and caution in everything. A Liberal, he is one of the most conservative government leaders in Canada.

His ministry, Canada's oldest, was founded in 1921 by John Bracken, continued under Stuart Garson and maintained its thrifty ways under Campbell. It saw no reason for alarm until the last year or two. Then young Duff Roblin appeared on the scene as a Conservative leader who, beside the Liberals, looked quite radical.

Roblin, a bustling, well-educated man of business and descendant of a famous political family in Manitoba, is impatient and angry because, he thinks, his province has fallen behind the march of Canadian progress. This he blames on a penny-wise and pound-foolish government.

It remains to be seen whether the Manitoba farmer, who controls the legislature, will favor a Liberal government with conservative policies, or a Conservative opposition demanding more liberal policies.

This conflict may puzzle outsiders. Actually, it is only the political reflection of the deeper changes in western life, the trend from individual to collective action.

But, since Manitoba's sober and rather dull politics are little known to the nation, the outsider must dig below such surface skirmishing. On the other hand, he need only look about him to find the truth of a landscape slandered by popular misconception. I came here at first supposing that the province, or most of it, was like the valley of the Red River, that fertile bottom land of a prehistoric lake. It took me only a few short journeys to discover my mistake.

Two or three hours of driving southward on the old Dawson Road brought me to a woodland of big evergreens, rushing streams and the innumerable Precambrian lakes draining into Hudson Bay. A few miles farther

on lay Winnipeg's fashionable week-end resort, the Lake of the Woods, just over the Ontario boundary and swarming, so a native told me, with forty-eight thousand islands.

Northeast from Winnipeg I found the Winnipeg River, La Vérendrye's highway to the west, dammed for power in a few places but still foaming in untamed rapids as he must have seen them on his first voyage.

Then straight north of the city I followed the lazy Red, heavy with its silt from the continental heartland, through the fat acres of Selkirk's settlement.

The churches of golden stone, built by the Scotsmen after their march from the Bay, stand as the builders left them on the riverbank, but oddly mingled now with the onion-shaped domes of Russia. Central Europeans

have taken over most of the Scotsmen's farms, and they have brought with them not only their own church designs but those mud-plastered log houses, painted in gay colors, that were first built on the Danube and the Russian steppes.

These in turn have given way to modern houses, convenient and ugly. But in the fields of black earth the peasant women, with gay kerchiefs and billowing skirts, still kneel beside their mile-long rows of vegetables as their kind has knelt upon the soil and cultivated it since forgotten time.

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I hurried on, past the stone battlements of Lower Fort Garry, erected by George Simpson to guard the river from the Americans, if Fort Garry ever fell, and on to the shallow inland sea called Lake Winnipeg. The summer retreats there struck me as pretty cramped and over-civilized. They are handy to town, however, and allow children to wade safely a mile from shore.

Not many week-enders go on to Gimli, the Icelanders' fishing town. There the big lake boats, the drying nets on every fence, the blond fishermen (the handsomest men in the nation), the women of powerful frame and calm face—all mark the happy end of the Vikings' last odyssey.

Still fewer motorists visit the swamps and terrifying channels of Lake Manitoba, to the west. No one but a native is safe in this labyrinth of sodden earth and narrow water. As I approached the lake it seemed to lie at least ten miles away—a thin glint on the skyline, behind a fringe of trees. But stepping from my car, apparently on solid land, I found a canoe, half hidden in rushes, awaiting me beside the road. A muskrat trapper of silent habits pushed the canoe into a passage hardly three feet wide and, a moment later, the world had disappeared.

Even this man, who had spent his life on the swamp, would have been instantly lost in an unmapped maze without the marking stakes planted here and there to guide him. I saw nothing but the solid wall of reeds twice my height, an occasional acre of open water and everywhere clouds of ducks, gulls and pelicans. They rose with a screech of anger and blotted out the sun.

We were still within shouting distance of the shore and might as well have been on the Arctic Ocean. I asked the guide how he expected to find his way home. He only grunted and twisted his canoe like a needle through an intricate cloth of green until we came at last to the yawning mouth of the lake.

It was late afternoon by now, and I wondered if we would ever step on shore again. That trapper knew his swamp. He followed his guideposts, drove his needle back and forth in cunning stitches and, when we seemed as far from land as ever, the canoe grounded. A ruddy moon gleamed on the prairies and to the west a flock of ducks floated across the scarlet page of sunset like black notes of music.

Yet we think of Manitoba as a flat field of grain beside a railway track! And even as I watched the dying glint on the lake, I remembered that most of Manitoba—the forest, the rivers and lakes innumerable, the mining towns, the stony Shield and the Bay—still lay far to the north.

Or hire a launch in Winnipeg, ascend the Red River south and, a mile or two from the city, you will be lost on a minor Amazon. The sluggish stream of brown water loops in the repeated letter S. On each side stands an impenetrable jungle, unmarked by any trail, untouched by any axe. The sky is a narrow slit of blue.

Another time I drove southwest from Winnipeg and beheld the plains roll, like a squall at sea, into the Pembina hills, sink into lush valleys of grass and drop into a chain of unsuspected lakes. Americans from Dakota were joyfully catching a hideous sort of fish, and thought they had penetrated the farthest wild west.

The railway traveler sees only the dismal villages of the main line, the whistle stops, each huddled about a wooden elevator, a skating rink and a garage. In southern Manitoba many charming towns sit astride some name-

less river, doze under the shade of great trees and look almost like the blessed towns of Ontario.

Despite all his machinery and household conveniences, the life of the average farmer is still hard and it explains, better than anything else, the current change in the politics and thought ways of the prairies.

I stopped one night for supper in a Manitoba farm kitchen and found it replete with all the electrical gadgets, plumbing and chromium furniture of a modern city house. But the woman who cooked the supper was not a city woman—she made better pickles and pies, for one thing—and the gnarled little man in mechanic's overalls could never be anything but a farmer. He spoke, I think, in the authentic voice of the rural west today. The pervasive issue—Wheat Board against wheat exchange—surfaced again in this remote farm kitchen. But here there was no debate: only one side spoke, and with vehemence.

"Oh, it's all very well for the politicians and the newspapers to preach free enterprise, and damn socialism and lecture us on our business," the farmer said. "But remember—this is our grain! We grew it, we'll reap it and, by God, we'll sell it as we like!"



MACLEAN'S

He pointed through the window to his fields, green now like a well-trimmed lawn in the first surge of early summer. "One thing sure," he told me, "we're never going to gamble again on the exchange!"

Though the exchange might occasionally bring him higher prices than the Wheat Board could pay, he was willing to take less sometimes to make sure he didn't go broke when the market dropped.

"All we want," he explained, "is a little security, same as the people in the city. But no—the city people want security for themselves, and they tell us to take whatever the market offers, and be damned to us."

His son, a youth in his twenties and a university graduate, had listened to the old man in respectful silence, but he wanted to make sure I understood what his father meant.

"The city businessmen," the youth said, "are never tired of talking about free competition—in theory. You'll notice they're never willing to face it in their own business. They want tariff protection, but there's to be no protection for us at all."

"Well, we tried for fifty years to get the tariff down; we had our own party, the Progressives, after the first war, you'll remember. Now we know better. The tariff may come down a little now and then but it won't come off, and very likely it's going up. And we'll always have to pay it on just about everything we buy. I used to be a red-



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hot free trader in college and still am—in theory. But theory won't help us. We want a little share of the gravy—not much but some—and that's why we're behind the Wheat Board."

"You bet," the father said. "What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. When business is ready to take off the tariff, we'll go back to the open market. Not before."

I realized, of course—and so did these men—that the farm problem is much more complex than a contest between protection and free trade; it is part of man's universal problem as he tries to

adapt agriculture and all other industry to the machine. Still, ignorant as I was of agriculture, I knew enough of politics to realize that the nubbin of the politician's problem in every farm constituency from coast to coast resided in the conversation of this farmer and his son.

They were not radicals or socialists. They were perhaps the most conservative of Canadians in Canada's most conservative province. They were, indeed, small capitalists—"too small," the son said wryly—but they were determined to get a fairer share of the

nation's income, as the labor unions had got it in the city, and to get it regularly.

As the farmer added: "We don't work a forty-hour week around here. No extra pay for overtime. No guaranteed holidays and fringe benefits."

His wife protested that her menfolk were boring their guest with the farmers' troubles. She compelled me to eat a third piece of pie, and sent me off with a big jar of her pickles. As I drove out of the farmyard, the father and son went back to the barn and began to reassemble their broken tractor. They

had another hour or two of daylight and didn't intend to waste it.

Farther along that dusty road I met another farmer, a gaunt figure with a face red-hot from the prairie sun but baked into lines of profoundest melancholy. He admitted to me over his fence that he was just an old-fashioned sort of fellow and didn't hold with contemporary notions.

"The prairies," he said, "have run right off the rails. Everybody thinks you can tinker with the market and stop the law of supply and demand. Well, you can't. Water won't run uphill. The trouble is people aren't thinking any more, not on the right things anyway."

"What are they thinking about?" he demanded. "Why, amusement, cars, movies, sex, sensation—God knows what all. It wasn't like that in my day, I can tell you. When we stopped for lunch on a threshing gang we used to argue about the tariff, or Laurier's latest speech or maybe religion and the preacher's sermon on Sunday. You won't hear that kind of talk today. We've lost our way somewhere along the line. This crazy Wheat Board is part of it. But don't listen to me. I'm out-of-date."

Thus spoke the small minority.

Manitoba has only one large city but so many towns that I forget their names. No traveler can forget, however, the main street of Portage la Prairie, the end of the old wagon road from Winnipeg, built wide enough, in those days of boundless expectation, to carry the traffic of New York; the solid and well-groomed streets of Brandon; and then an unbelievable sight, an aberration of nature.

I crossed the deep canyon of the Assiniboine at Brandon and drove straight north over the level farmlands to a cliff, bursting like a single mountain, perhaps an extinct volcano, from the middle of the plain. Presently I was climbing a steep road through a forest of evergreens and, at the top, looking out upon a misplaced chunk of the Rockies, a glistening lake, a woodland glade and within it a herd of sulky buffalo.

Such is Riding Mountain National Park, surely one of the most pleasant—and certainly the most improbable—park in Canada. Here, it seems, the prairies, undulating east from the mountains, make a sheer drop, a single gigantic step down to the level of Lake Manitoba. The Indians always knew this freak and found in the forests of Riding Mountain a sure reserve of game whenever the plains failed them. Now it is a playground for plainsfolk. They can leave Winnipeg or Brandon and, in a few hours, enjoy a miniature Banff.

From the eastern escarpment of this queer eruption I looked down upon the farmlands to the south and west, neatly checkered in tints of violent green and yellow, exactly like the interior of France, an oil painting by Van Gogh.

Time pressed and I was due in Regina tomorrow. So, regrettably, I started west and by dinnertime stumbled upon yet another compartment of Manitoba's life.

The shabby little town of Virden (it would do for a set in a western movie) was filled that Saturday night with men obviously not farmers or tourists, men in jumpers, greasy overalls and the high buckled boots and raffish slouch hats of their craft—the migratory race of drillers, moving from one oil strike to another.

One didn't need these men to announce a new oil field. It announced itself by the noisesome stink of crude oil in the middle of some farmer's field, by the steel skeletons of the oil drills, the miles of pipe and the odd little



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pumps, their arms moving up and down like hammers.

The beer parlor was filled with thirsty noisy nomads, the "rough-necks" of the latest prairie migration. They had brought a great industry to the prairies, had moved from southern Alberta to the north, then eastward across Saskatchewan until they finally reached Manitoba. But they were no part of prairie civilization. They were birds of brief passage. To them, Virden was not a town; it was an overnight stop on an endless march wherever the continental oil pool lay hidden beneath the surface of the plains.

Among them in the beer parlor, a stranger in his own land, sat an old gentleman who seemed to have been transported, intact and unruffled, from some superior London club. He wore a tweed hat and jacket in large English checks and his face was the face of an English colonel out of a cartoon.

Though he had been farming outside Virden for fifty years, he didn't know, so help him God, what had happened to the town. It was ruined by oil and prosperity until a man couldn't drink a glass of beer in peace. Well, the oil drillers would pass on, once they got their beastly wells operating, and then things would get back to normal.

"Right now," he protested, "this town's like something out of Hollywood — a gold rush, only it's oil. Why, a four-room house, with no plumbing, rents for ninety or a hundred dollars a month. Good for the country, I dare say, but the people around here seem to think the boom is going on forever. When these fellows get out of town, it'll be just a farm town again with a few oil wells around."

He sipped his beer alone, careless of the clamor around him, as if he were looking out on Pall Mall instead of Virden's threadbare street.

The oil men were flirting with the waitresses behind the coffee-shop counter. These girls, fresh from the farm, looked dazzled by their first vision of city life, and excited by the prospects of a big Saturday night dance.

"A guy can have a lot of fun, even in a dump like this," one of the rough-necks told me, "if you know how." He evidently knew how. The waitress who laid before him a ghastly imitation of ham and eggs leaned over to whisper that she'd be off duty at nine o'clock and would meet him at the usual place.

There being no vacant room in Virden, I decided on a forced march to Regina. It was a lucky decision.

In all Canada I had found no sight to equal the prairies transformed by the twilight, almost liquefied, and oozing in the transparent water-color wash of sunset.

The horizon lay in a taut circle. The circle was cross-stitched by the shiny thread of railway tracks and cleanly cut by the straight diameter of the road — a design in pure geometry, drawn by Euclid himself. And to the west, geometrically barred by the picket fence of telephone poles, the sun hung like a red billiard ball in a steel rack.

Night crawled across the prairies and the lights of Regina glowed dimly under a mock mountain range of cloud, on the far side of a dark sea. ★

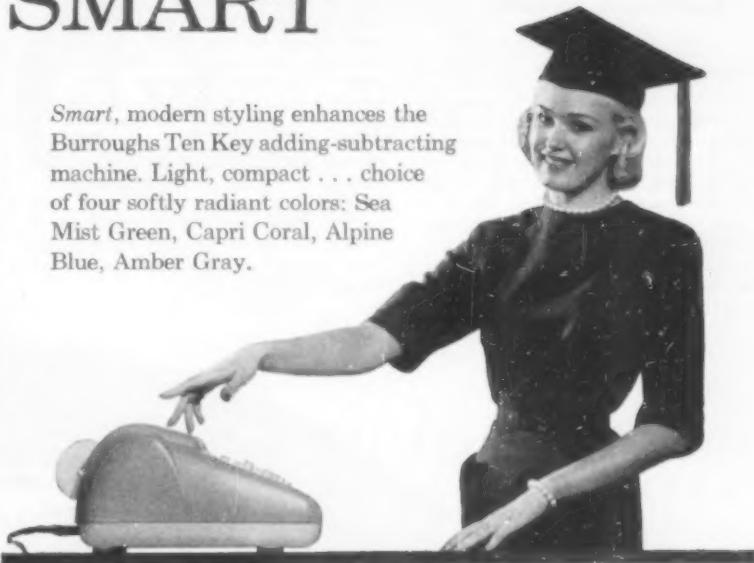
### NEXT ISSUE

Bruce Hutchison  
rediscovered

### SASKATCHEWAN

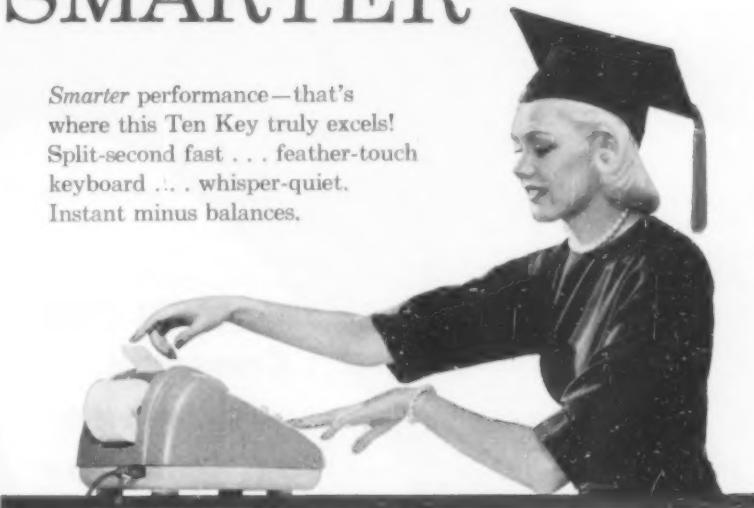
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## London letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

less to him than Greek mythology.

Yet, on reaching Britain, he formed a film company composed of himself and his brother and he sent word to Leslie Howard that he would like to put him under contract for a film. "Who is Korda?" was Howard's only comment.

Undeterred, Korda made contact with the fabulous Ostrer brothers who controlled the giant Gaumont-British

theatre circuit and studios. The president, Isidore Ostrer, a financial genius, was almost as vague as Korda and after they had met and talked Isidore said: "But where are your stars?" To which Korda replied: "I shall make my stars."

Like a good Hungarian, Korda formed his own producing company and named it "London Film Productions." Languidly he explained: "Every film will open with a picture of Big Ben as it strikes the hour. That is much better than anything the Americans ever thought of."

He collected some executives, took them out to supper and persuaded them to join his company on the basis that no salaries would be paid for the first year. But he found that he could not make films merely by not paying salaries. Whereupon he took a rich Italian to supper and induced him to put up some money. With cash in hand he made one or two films of no particular account. And then one night a strange thing happened.

While traveling to the Savoy for supper he heard the driver singing to himself a bawdy song about Henry

VIII and his wives. It lit a candle in Korda's mind.

Henry VIII! What a theme! History, debauchery, pageantry and wives galore. What about that strange fellow Charles Laughton whom he had met at Gaumont's? Instead of imitating Hollywood with its glamorous male stars why not this stoutish actor with the heavy jowl and fruity voice?

"The picture must be done on a lavish scale," Korda said. "For the first time I shall make a film in my own manner and with my own money." The fact that the money came from the Italian backer was neither here nor there.

The film was an immense success. Korda's soft-voiced comment on it was: "It has prestige, pomp, magic and madness." In short, Korda had arrived. Even today Henry VIII earns ten thousand pounds a year wandering about the minor circuits of the world.

Later on Korda met Winston Churchill who was out of political favor and they discussed the subject of Nelson as a possible film. Churchill was immensely interested and gave Korda a vivid picture of the indomitable one-eyed admiral who swept the French fleet off the seas. In fact Churchill talked as only Churchill can. As a former first lord of the Admiralty and as a great historian he gave Korda a wonderful description of every battle that Nelson had fought.

"It is very good," said Korda. "I'll call the picture 'Lady Hamilton.'"

Later on, when Churchill was out of office and everyone knew that he had no future in politics, Churchill actually did some script writing for Korda but there is no record that it was of any great account.

Incidentally, Korda married Merle Oberon who had played the role of Lady Hamilton in the film. He had been previously married in Hungary just after the First World War and had a son from that marriage. The marriage must have broken up but the reasons are lost in the mists. His marriage to Merle Oberon took place in 1939 but it did not go very well and was dissolved.

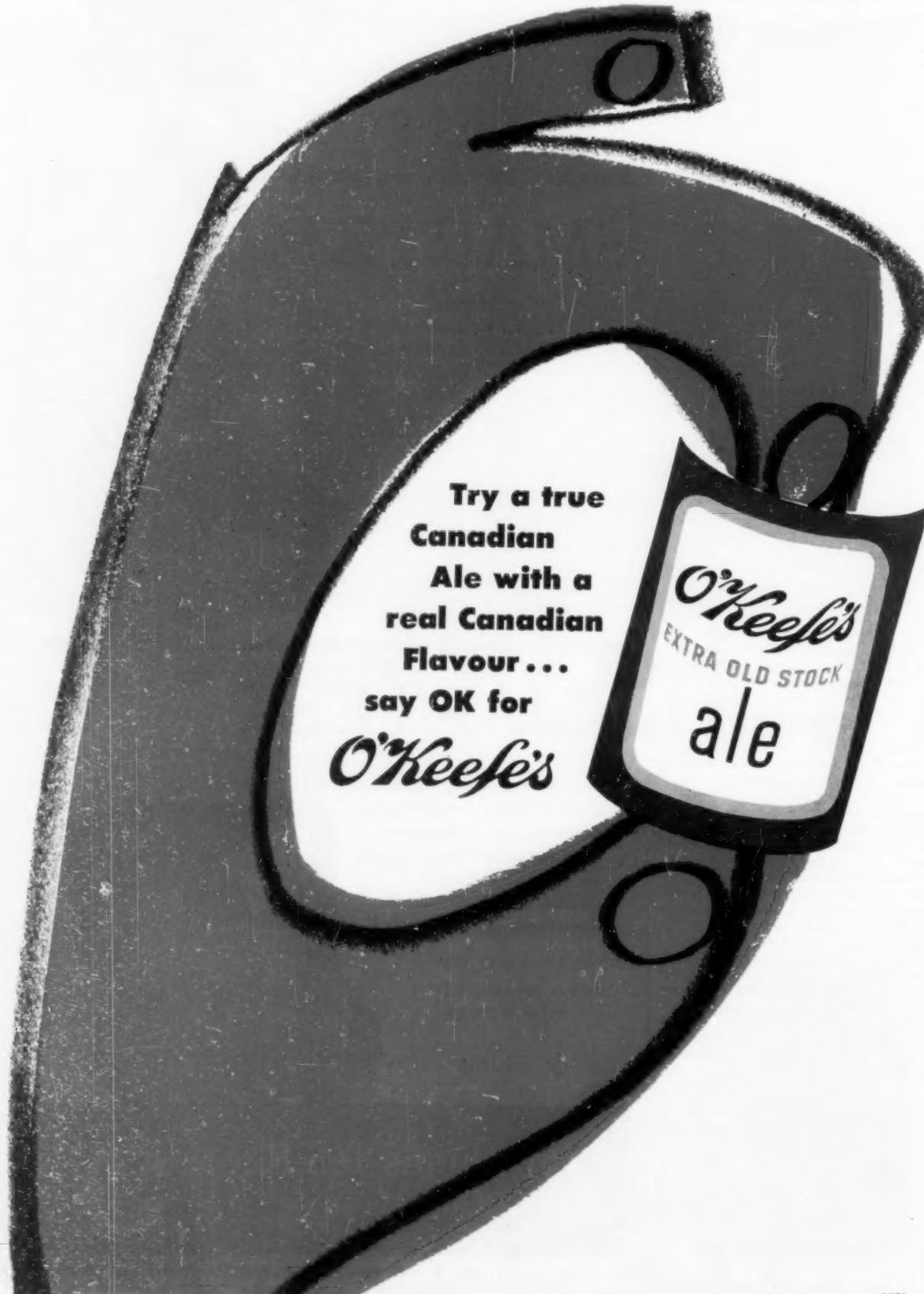
The great man was not at all dismayed by these marital failures. Three years ago he was married again, this time to a young woman from Canada named Alexandra Boycun.

"Once upon a time I knew everything about films," said Korda. "Then I knew nothing. But now I know everything again. Marriage is also like that."

In the Second World War Korda's situation became very difficult. The rights of the films he had made were taken by the mighty Prudential Insurance Company against the heavy amount loaned to him. But somehow he survived. His star had set but his philosophy and his ingenuity were intact. The Prudential had closed down on him. His studios had been taken over for war purposes. Korda had a name but nothing much else. Then, true to form, he had an idea.

When the war ended there would be a world shortage of films. What about buying back the rights of the pictures which he had pledged to the Prudential? Somehow he borrowed seventy-five thousand pounds and the insurance company gave him back his picture rights.

Off went Henry VIII and Lady



2558

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Hamilton in company with all his other pictures. The starved cinemas of the world welcomed them with open arms. In fact he grossed nearly two million pounds with his re-issues. Once more he was Korda the Magnificent.

He had been knighted in 1942 and there is no reason to doubt that it was the generous-hearted Churchill who had recommended the honor. Now that the war was over and Korda had recovered his financial position by sending his pictures to the world's starved cinemas our Hungarian began to think once more in terms of Lorenzo the Magnificent.

Before the abdication the Duke and Duchess of York, with their daughters Elizabeth and Margaret, had lived at 145 Piccadilly in a house adjoining Hyde Park. It was a wonderful setting and Korda decided to acquire it as offices for his cinema company.

"I hate Wardour Street," he said, referring to the area in London where the offices of nearly all the British film companies are centred. "I want to think and look on the park."

"Get me a yacht!"

In fact he became so enamored of his Piccadilly setting that he decided to buy 144 Piccadilly as well. "For what purpose?" asked his colleagues. Korda lit a cigar, being almost as fond of cigars as was Churchill. "We shall make first-class films and we shall have a first-class setting at No. 144 for our publicity boys to turn out first-class puffs for our pictures. Besides, we shall have the best view of all the processions."

But something was missing. "Oh yes! I must have a yacht. There is nothing to do on a yacht but think and talk. I do not like these telephones and desks. Get me a yacht."

He also decided to play bridge. "I do not enjoy bridge," he said. "But I like sitting up until four in the morning. That is the time when ideas come into the mind."

Still playing Lorenzo the Magnificent he took a penthouse suite in Claridge's which is the most expensive hotel in London. "The mind must have luxury," he said. "The mind must have elegance!"

This was Alexander Korda—the strange, likable ex-soldier, ex-journalist who had been arrested as a revolutionary in Budapest, ex-waiter in Paris, a film magnate knighted at Buckingham Palace, a poet, a philosopher, a dreamer and an adventurer who understood the British better than they understood themselves. Yet he had many failures, such as Bonnie Prince Charlie, and he achieved the impossible by making a film on the lives of Gilbert and Sullivan that was utterly commonplace.

A year ago he said: "I am tired. I am finished. I will make no more pictures." Then he announced his decision to make a film of Shakespeare's Richard III with Sir Laurence Olivier in the lead and with Sir John Gielgud and Sir Ralph Richardson in support.

And that brings to an end the story of this relentless dreamer of dreams, this romantic who was more realistic than the realists, this financier who could raise millions but could not read a balance sheet, this poet from the wrecked remains of Austria's ramshackle empire who loved England more than he loved money or women.

I hope his spirit was looking down on the great congregation of famous people at St. Martin-in-the-Fields when Sir Laurence paid that last tribute with such nobility of voice and language as would have gladdened the heart of Korda's last script writer—William Shakespeare. ★



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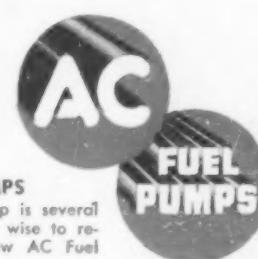


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## How beans built Canada

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

they're good for you."

This being the case, it was strange that in the rations issued for an arctic indoctrination exercise in northern New Brunswick, several years ago, there were no beans at all. The army felt that, however nourishing, they would be too hard to cook on the trail in sub-zero weather and that, anyway, any soldier could survive for a week without them. Not so. One man—a major—took along his own bag of yellow-eyed beans, boiled them in a tin hat and explained to his amazed C.O., "The Canadian Army has been traveling on beans for one hell of a long time. I'm not going to stop now."

There are branches of the Leguminosae—the bean family—in many parts of the world. Most of those eaten in North America belong to a genus with the unappetizing name of *Phaseolus vulgaris*. They originated, so far as science knows, in pre-Incan Peru. There archaeologists have unearthed carbonized beans in ancient tombs, evidence that wealthy Peruvians tried to take their beans with them on the trip to the golden beyond.

From Peru wandering tribes carried beans northward and by Columbus' time, at least four hundred years later, they were almost as important a crop as corn to the North American Indian. The first white men to behold what is now Canada—unless the Vikings can present a better case—were Breton fishermen who crossed the Atlantic from 1500 on to fish the teeming waters off Newfoundland. They built summer colonies on the island and harvested beans from its mean soil for the long trip home.

With Cartier's voyage up the St. Lawrence, in 1535, began America's age of exploration, when men from the Old World groped their way around the New World—to see, in a manner of speaking, what was cooking. One of the first was Sir Martin Frobisher, the Elizabethan sea dog. In 1576 he ventured into sub-arctic waters, searching for a northwest passage to the gold and spices of the east. What he found instead, in an Eskimo hut on the rim of Haffin Island, was "a Guinea bean of red color, the which doth usually grow in the hot countries whereby it appeareth they trade with nations that dwell far off, or are themselves great travelers."

When French and English first came to North America they weren't long in taking a leaf from Pocahontas' cookbook. Made to order for long harsh winters, beans quickly became as great a favorite with white men as they were with the Indians. "On Sundays everyone dines, lunches and takes supper," Nicolas Denys, the governor of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, wrote in 1633, "for on that day they have beans boiled with pork."

Though the French were the first to put pork with their beans, it was the British colonists of New England, in the mid-eighteenth century, who evolved the succulent dish that lines supermarket shelves today. From its founding the town of Boston was the home of the Cabots and the Lodges, the bean and the cod. In pre-revolutionary days its creaking square-riggers built up a thriving trade with the West Indies, exchanging salt fish and timber for rum and molasses. The latter found its way into the bean pot, by way of added flavor.

Both before the War of Independence and after, thousands of New Englanders moved up into Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, attracted thereto by

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SPORTS COLLEGE

the promise of free land. Not the least of the possessions they carried with them were mouth-watering recipes for "Boston baked beans"—beans cooked in a sweet sauce.

Then, as now, the dish was a Saturday-night blue-plate special in the Maritimes. The tradition stemmed from New England's puritanical past when, believing that work of any sort on Sunday was sinful, women cooked Sunday's food on Saturday. But usually the fragrance of baking beans was too tempting to resist and they were eaten Saturday night. The habit became a custom.

#### The Saturday night special

Accordingly, on Friday night a housewife in the young garrison town of Halifax would put a quart of yellow-eyed beans, the favorite Maritime variety, to soak overnight in cold water. Next morning she drained the beans, covered them with fresh water, brought the pot to a slow boil, then let it simmer for an hour or so. When the beans were tender, she drained them again and poured a cup of them into the bottom of an earthenware bean crock. Next she added a medium-sized onion, cut into quarters, and covered it with the rest of the beans. Half a pound of fat salt pork, cut into squares, was pushed down into the beans, with the pork rinds exposed at the top. Then she mixed half a cup of brown sugar with a third of molasses, added a teaspoon of salt and a teaspoon of dry mustard and poured the thick dark sauce over the beans. With the crock filled almost to the top with water, she left it, covered, in a brick bake oven for about seven hours and, uncovered, for another hour to brown and crisp the top. (Eight hours in an electric stove, set at about three hundred degrees, will produce the same effect.)

Served from the crock, with thick slices of steamed brown bread, the beans were eaten for supper on Saturday night and, if any were left, for Sunday breakfast. Most homes in the Maritimes, then as now, had baked beans on Saturday nights. A visiting English sea captain was once invited to dine at a home in Saint John, N.B., one Saturday. Sharp at 6 p.m. his host's wife appeared in the parlor doorway. "For those who don't like beans," she said, "supper's over."

It was by cashing in on the popularity of bean suppers that many of Canada's earliest churches and schools were paid for. Even today they help to finance peewee hockey leagues, IODE chapters, to build barns and to take the chill off Laurentian winter carnivals. A bean supper figured in one of the oddest events in the history of arms. When war broke out between Canada and the United States, in 1812, the people of Calais, Maine, crossed the narrow St. Croix River to attend a meeting in a church in St. Stephen, N.B. There old neighbors voted to ignore the war. Their private pact, sealed with a bean supper in the church,

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was never broken. In fact, the next summer St. Stephen gave away all of its gunpowder to the people of Calais—to help them celebrate July the Fourth.

The chief factor in spreading the popularity of beans across Canada was its early lumbering industry. As itinerant loggers followed the big white pines west from New Brunswick's St. John River valley into Quebec and Ontario, they took their taste for beans with them. To satisfy it, wherever they went, they dug a hole two feet deep in the ground and built a hardwood fire in it. When the pit was red with coals

an iron pot filled with beans, seasoned with pork scraps, mustard, molasses and large amounts of pepper, was lowered down and covered with more embers. Three hours later a heady fragrance filled the forest and the sound of hacking axes ceased.

If their beans were sometimes seasoned with ashes and earth from the pit, the loggers didn't gripe. For it was meant to be strong food. In a book describing his life as a roving lumberjack in Canada ninety years ago, Joshua Fraeser wrote of "bean-hole" beans: "A person who is accustomed to

the ordinary dishes of domestic cooking must be cautious how he attacks it at first. If he takes too heavy an allowance, as he is tempted to do on account of its savoriness, he is likely to throw his stomach into convulsions."

But for hard-working, hard-eating outdoorsmen it was invigorating fare. Some lumberjacks in the Ottawa Valley were reputed to stow away as many as seventy pounds of beans a month—the average Canadian today is content with nine pounds a year—and they wanted little else. They sang a song that went like this:

Who feeds us beans each blessed day?  
Johnny Ross and Jim McGee.  
Who'll feed us beans on judgment day?  
Johnny Ross and Jim McGee.  
And when the judgment's passed and we  
Know just where we're going to be  
Who'll eat beans for eternity?  
Johnny Ross and Jim McGee.

Not all Canadians wanted beans all of the time. When the steamship International set out from Georgetown, Man., in 1862, to navigate the Red River to Fort Garry for the first time, one of the passengers aboard was the wife of Alexander Dallas, the Hudson's Bay Company chief factor and governor of Rupert's Land. It was a hectic trip, but Mrs. Dallas bore up well. She kept her composure when the International's steering gear broke down. She didn't scream when its smokestacks fell off, or on the dozen occasions when it scraped aground. What finally reduced her to tears was the ship's menu. "I can't see," she said to a clergyman passenger, "why the only alternative to pork and beans has to be beans and pork."

So it was for the men who spanned Canada with railroad tracks and brought new provinces into Confederation. Beans were their staple food. One surveyor who worked on the Kicking Horse Pass in 1885 wrote of his camp boss. "Beans were our *pièce de résistance* three times a day," he said. "He believed that a variety of food and too much of it was not conducive to physical or brain activity."

When the cry of Gold! echoed through the Yukon, in 1896, touching off one of the most exciting periods in Canadian history, it was answered by thousands of men from all over the world, bankers and bums alike. Hungry for gold, they lived on beans. For, more than any other food, beans generated the bodily heat needed to stay alive in the frozen bush. The sourdough boiled his beans once a week and froze them in large slabs, which he carried along the Klondike trail. To eat, he simply broke off a chunk of beans and fried them in bacon grease. In the Yukon beans were synonymous with food. It was said of Father Judge, the saintly Jesuit of Dawson City who saved many luckless men from starvation, "He gave us the beans first, and prayed afterward."

If beans are no longer the necessity they once were, they are still as much a favorite today as ever. The national intake of ninety million pounds of canned baked beans alone every year is more than any other canned vegetable except peas, a side dish that sells one hundred million pounds annually. Among canned foods that constitute a meal in themselves, the closest rivals to beans are spaghetti and macaroni, which have a yearly pack of only thirty million pounds.

Beans are the old culinary reliable, as suited to candle-lit after-theatre parties as they are to longshoremen's picnics. Served piping hot from a crock or eaten cold from the can, they're the stuff—quite literally—that memories are made of. Psychodieteticists—psychologists who study the effect of various foods upon the subconscious—have established that certain foods can become symbols to us, as a result of childhood or early experiences. Milk may represent the security of home and mother; reward may be associated with chocolate bars. When most Canadians think of beans, they remember campfires in the woods, sleigh rides and Saturday night. Our national psyche seems to hark back to the country's childhood, when the bean pot was a mainstay, when it meant security and stability and warmth against the cold.

And so we eat beans. ★



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## Ten ways to enjoy your travels

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

latest photographs of myself, stamped as authentic by Canada's Department of External Affairs. Also I carry international health certificates stating when I was vaccinated and for what diseases, and an affidavit from my banker saying that I'll pay my bills. Except for that time in New York these have always been enough to identify myself as myself.

Wherever I travel I also have plane, train or ship reservations confirmed—ever since two years ago when I made a trip around the world. I had left Sydney, Australia, for San Francisco on Qantas Airlines. The Qantas ships are bunked like a train sleeper since you spend two nights in the air. Lowers hold two people, uppers one.

On the trip were a Mr. and Mrs. Johnston. The passenger agent had assigned them to a lower. When it came time for bed the stewardess directed them to the berth. It was only when they were both fumbling with the curtains that the two Johnstons met for the first time.

After mumbled apologies, Mr. Johnston agreed to sleep in a chair.

### In a ricksha in Rangoon

Ever since I was a schoolgirl pedaling a bicycle up and down the dusty hilly roads near Beeton, Ont., where I was brought up, I have been going places. As a schoolteacher in my teens I went by buckboard and bronco through the Cypress Hills of Saskatchewan. I drove a Model-T to market as an Ontario chicken farmer and rode those painful old wooden railway carriages of the Thirties as an employee of the Ontario Department of Agriculture telling farm women how to look after their hens. As an adviser to various governments on what women like to work at or buy, and as a radio reporter and writer, I have crossed the Atlantic sixty-five times and gone around the world four times. I have flown with Canadian airmen to Tokyo, Norwegians in Norway, Russians out of Berlin and with bush pilots in Canada's north. I've been in a jeep in Korea, a sampan in Shanghai and a ricksha in Rangoon. With reports to gather for sixteen radio programs a week, I travel about a hundred thousand miles a year.

In these travels I have learned some shortcuts, a few safeguards, how to look after myself and how to enjoy myself. If there's one inflexible rule I've learned it is to discard most of the standard rules for travelers and to use common sense. A few weeks ago a woman in Montreal wrote to me and said she had listened to radio accounts of my travels; now she and her husband were going to Europe.

"Our problem is what clothes to take, remembering the forty-four-pound limit (if we have to make a plane flight). We have arranged to send a steamer trunk on the Empress of Britain to hold what extra clothes we may need on board ship," she wrote, remembering some advice she had heard about overseas travel. I suggested that she leave most of it at home, but she won't. She'll enjoy packing her matched set of luggage and watching it carried aboard ship. But she won't enjoy shepherding it all over Europe and her husband won't enjoy carrying it, and that's what they'll both be doing.

Eleanor Roosevelt, one of the world's most traveled women, crosses oceans and continents with nothing more than the costume she's wearing, a handbag

and an extra pair of white gloves. I know businessmen who go to London or Rio de Janeiro with an extra shirt, tie and pair of socks in a brief case. It's all they need. By air they're never more than a few hours from home. Nylon shirts and underwear for men and lingerie for women can be quickly rinsed at night. Thus the traveler dispenses of the nuisance of carrying heavy luggage around and looking for someone to wash his linen—an almost hopeless quest in many countries. And nylon is light as a breeze. On one trip around the world my entire assortment

of lingerie weighed only eighteen ounces.

The rest of my wardrobe is always light too. I don't care where you're going or how long you're going to stay, or whether you're a man or a woman, you don't need more than two suits, light or heavy depending on the season. Dresses are a nuisance for a woman and she doesn't need blouses either if her suits are high at the throat. I sometimes take a black lace gown (it doesn't wrinkle, no matter how it's packed) for formal wear. My hats are flat and soft so they don't crush, and in the crown

of them I carry facial tissue—it's a nuisance trying to wash handkerchiefs away from home too.

A suit is the most sensible costume for a woman traveling, and I seldom depart from it. One of the few times I had to I got into a series of quick changes that would have done justice to a musical comedy. This was at the coronation of Queen Elizabeth in 1953. For the coronation itself I had to wear court costume, or a gown. To cover the procession for Canadian radio I had to get through the crowded London streets, and Scotland Yard suggested

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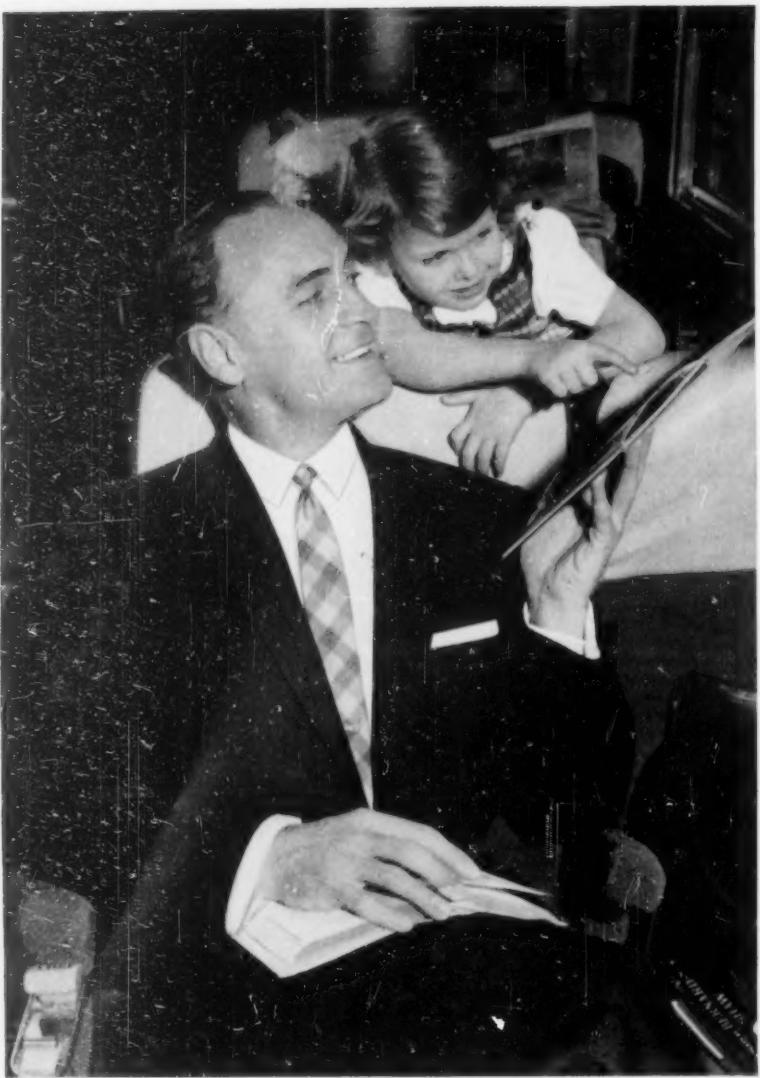
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the best way to do this was on a motorcycle. How to ride a motorcycle in a court gown? I solved the problem by putting my gown in a suit box, wearing a suit and carrying the box on a motorcycle. I changed to the gown in a coal cellar of Westminster Abbey. After watching the coronation I changed back to the suit again in a taxicab.

If a woman's going to splurge on traveling apparel let her do it on stockings. Take plenty, but make sure they're all the same color. At a Victory Loan ceremony in Toronto during the war I saw Gracie Fields animatedly talking to civic officials when her husband prodded her with his elbow and inclined his head toward her legs. Gracie looked down.

"You're right, lovey," she said in consternation. "They're different colors."

Veteran travelers carry an extra pair of stockings in their handbag. You never know when you may need them. In 1954 in Australia I was at the Adelaide city hall one hot afternoon for the appearance of Queen Elizabeth during her royal tour. In the middle of the official ceremonies a lady-in-waiting

came forward at the Queen's behest and then escorted her into the city hall.

A murmur ran through the crowd. The heat had made the queen ill. But most women there knew it wasn't that. The queen had got a run. And, being a veteran traveler, she had an extra pair of stockings to change to.

I take an all-weather coat wherever I travel, but seldom furs. In a hot climate the costliest mink loses its sheen and tends to look like the mangiest dog. I never clutter my luggage with sports clothes. I've always been able to borrow or rent them when I needed them—a parka and mukluks in the north or field uniform in Korea.

I've learned quite a few other things about world travel that were quite a surprise to me at first but have since proved a great boon to my time schedule, my pocketbook, my health and my enjoyment of a trip. Here are some of them:

**DON'T** take Canadian money with you (or British pounds); most foreigners won't accept it. Take American money—it's accepted everywhere.

**IF** you have an expensive camera,

### What started Kate Aitken's travels



BICYCLE: As a 'teen saleslady she pedaled rural Ontario's roads.



OSTRICH: On a U.S. tour young Kate gave up seat to her mother.



PONY: As a teacher in Alberta she rode to dances and roundups.



WAGON: Lecturing Ontario farm women, she often hitched a ride.



MODEL-T: As a chicken farmer in Ontario Kate (left) trucked to the market in this old Ford. As a car driver today, she's still on the go.

tape recorder or a pair of binoculars, leave it at home. If you don't lose it someone will likely steal it.

IF you're a woman, don't expect men to be courteous and helpful.

IF you're white, don't think the whole world loves and respects you.

IF you've heard that a place is quaint and/or picturesque, don't go there: it's probably loaded with germs.

TAKE plenty of milk-of-magnesia tablets: the food, especially in Europe, is often indigestible.

IF it's autumn or spring, dress for warmth and comfort: most of the world hasn't discovered the stove yet.

BY all means talk to strangers. You'll learn a lot about traveling from some of them.

TAKE a book along: travel is often boring and so too are wordy travelers.

It's always aggravating for a traveler to learn that his country's money isn't eagerly sought in foreign countries, but sooner or later the Canadian traveler has to learn it, and often not far from home. A year ago I was returning from the island of Trinidad where I had gone to report Princess Margaret's visit. Our plane landed at Philadelphia and I had only a few minutes to catch a train to New York. Hastily, I caught a taxicab and told the driver to make it swiftly to the station. Then, as an afterthought, I said, "Oh, by the way, you accept Canadian money, don't you?"

His only answer was to stop the cab, open the door and let me out. I missed my train.

#### Watch out for thieves!

For out-of-pocket expenses I usually take American Express cheques wherever I go and cash them into the currency of the country I'm in. Everybody accepts them. But I arrange to pay most expenses—plane, train or ship passage and hotel accommodation—through my bank. I'd be poor pickings for a pickpocket. Usually I send a deposit of ten percent of what I figure my hotel bill will be; that way I've never had to wait for a room. If you're in Europe or Asia always ask if your hotel bill includes a service charge. Otherwise you're apt to be tipping twice for everything.

In addition to taking as little money as possible I have learned to leave other valuables at home as well. In 1949 I arrived in Shanghai with an expensive tape recorder, intending to keep a record of the southward advance of the Communists. At the Shanghai airport I hooked it up and began, "I am now standing in the port of Shanghai in China." Customs officials were entranced with the new toy and suggested I leave it with them for safekeeping—it might be stolen on my trip into China. I agreed and, sure enough, it was stolen—by the customs officials. There are Chinese customs officials, I'm sure, with every traveler's gadget from a shooting stick to a vanity case—they'll steal with equal alacrity from a woman or a man.

In fact a traveling woman quickly loses any notion that her sex entitles her to extra consideration. During the Twenties I worked for the Canadian National Exhibition demonstrating home canning, and I commuted a hundred miles a day to and from the family farm at Beeton. I became quite handy at changing tires, but I remember one occasion in particular when I had jacked up a wheel and a car came along and stopped. A burly middle-aged man stuck his head out the window.

"Having trouble, missus?" he asked.  
"Yes... flat tire."

"Too bad," he said comfortingly. "Well, good luck," and he drove away.

Years later I thought of the incident when I was hitching a ride from Tokyo to Seoul in an American plane to report on the Korean War. Just before we took off an air-force officer addressed the troops on the flight. "Now, you men," he said, "I want you to keep this here plane clean. Put your coffee containers in this here waste basket. Queue up for the washroom and don't grumble.

"And, as for that woman up behind the mail," he continued, eying me

severely, "I don't want any grumbling from her either. And she can use the officer's washroom when it isn't busy."

Another disillusioning aspect of travel is to see the great racial gulfs that exist in every part of the world. Three years ago in Johannesburg, South Africa, I hired a photographer by telephone to take some news pictures for me. He was not permitted to see me personally in my hotel because he was colored. In Darjeeling, India, I saw the situation in reverse. Many large tea plantations once owned by Britons are now in the hands of

Indians. I visited one of these and my host, a wealthy Indian, called in his plantation manager, an Englishman.

"I shall have five guests for dinner," he said curtly. "Instruct your wife to make all arrangements."

The Englishman colored at the obvious insult and looked at me. Then, as he turned away, he said: "Good-by, sir. My wife and I will be leaving immediately."

A few days later this little human tragedy was pointed up much more sharply for me at the first Asiatic Conference in New Delhi. Seventeen coun-

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**Santéric**

## "When an Englishman sees food he boils it, but in Europe they cook it in oil"

tries were represented, and one of the principal speakers was Gen. Carlos Romulo, the permanent delegate to the United Nations for the Philippines. I had interviewed him in New York and wanted to hear him again, so I turned up one afternoon in the visitors' gallery where I was the only white person.

Romulo was speaking in his native tongue but, suddenly glancing up to where I sat, he broke briefly into English.

"We must make it perfectly plain," he said, "that the day of the white man—and the white woman—has ended in Asia."

In addition to such social problems there are health problems too for the traveler in many foreign countries. I am vaccinated for yellow fever, smallpox, cholera, typhus fever, typhoid, paratyphoid and for the Bubonic plague, an acute infection transmitted from animals to humans by vermin. Being often on the move in other lands, I keep my vaccination certificates always up to date. I have never been ill traveling, although I've frequently run the risk of indigestion.

It's a truism saying that when an Englishman sees food he boils it and an American fries it. In most of Europe they cook it in oil.

Flying from Athens to Rome recently, I was offered an airline meal of chicken with potato croquettes, carrots and peas, a vegetable salad and pastry. Everything down to the last tiny pea was cooked in oil, the salad was mixed in oil and the pastry was full of oil. It's too hard on a Canadian stomach; two items I always try to find space for in my luggage are a box of milk-of-magnesia tablets and a box of plain biscuits to stave off hunger.

### Hanging by his heels

Another item I always take along is a book—usually Green's Short History of the English People which I have read scores of times and never tire of reading. It has saved me from boredom on thousands of miles of travel and once it helped me in a conversation with Mussolini. In 1927 I was in Italy with samples of Canadian hard wheat trying to interest the Italian department of agriculture in our wheat as seed. Eventually I was directed to Mussolini. He said he was trying to make Italy self-reliant in food.

"I know I can save this country," he said, "and I know no other man can."

The words rang familiarly to me. They were the same that William Pitt the Elder had spoken at the beginning of the Seven Years' War in 1756. I told Mussolini this and I added: "William Pitt made his words come true."

"And so shall I," said Mussolini. Then he added, "I should like to read those words."

That evening I sent him my copy of Green's history. Eighteen years later, when I read how Mussolini's body with that of his mistress had been left hanging by the heels in the streets of Rome, I thought how those words were now mocking him.

One of the first and most famous rules for travelers is "Never talk to strangers" and it's one of the worst. Most of the fellow travelers I've met have been helpful and pleasant and some have been valuable.

In 1938 when the world was on the brink of war I went to Europe on the Aquitania. Shipboard companions included two young men who said they were news photographers going to take

pictures of the war in Spain. I was looking for news for my radio program and struck up a conversation with them. Could I go along?

The photographers gave me a flat no. "Dames are too much trouble," they said. By the time we reached Southampton, however, they had changed their minds. They had counted their money and decided they needed more to do their work. For three hundred dollars I could accompany them. I paid the three hundred, we went to Paris and from there flew to Madrid. There I saw for the first time firsthand the air war and the bloody struggle on the ground, and also got a notable news story that did a lot to help my broadcasting career.

Another travel rule I have learned to trust, however, is the one that prescribes learning the customs of the country you're in and respecting them. This also includes diplomatic and royal protocol. I have met most members of the royal family, but one of the first and most memorable meetings was almost thirty years ago when I was presented to Queen Mary. It was at a commonwealth handicraft exhibition in London. Representatives from various countries had been schooled in their curtsies and advised that the queen started all conversations. It was drilled into my head: "The queen always speaks first."

In my exhibit was a map of Canada showing, among other points, the Alberta ranch of Edward, then Prince of Wales. The queen asked me about the map. I described it and, pointing to Alberta, I said: "Here's your son's ranch." There was a horrible silence and uneasy glances from the stewards at the show who afterward explained to me the one cardinal point in royal protocol: "One doesn't mention relationships in the royal family."

I don't suppose any traveler can go as far as I have without having things go wrong now and then. But if you don't panic—and given a little luck—you can usually work your way through mistakes. Don't think luck isn't a good traveling companion.

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By PAUL STEINER

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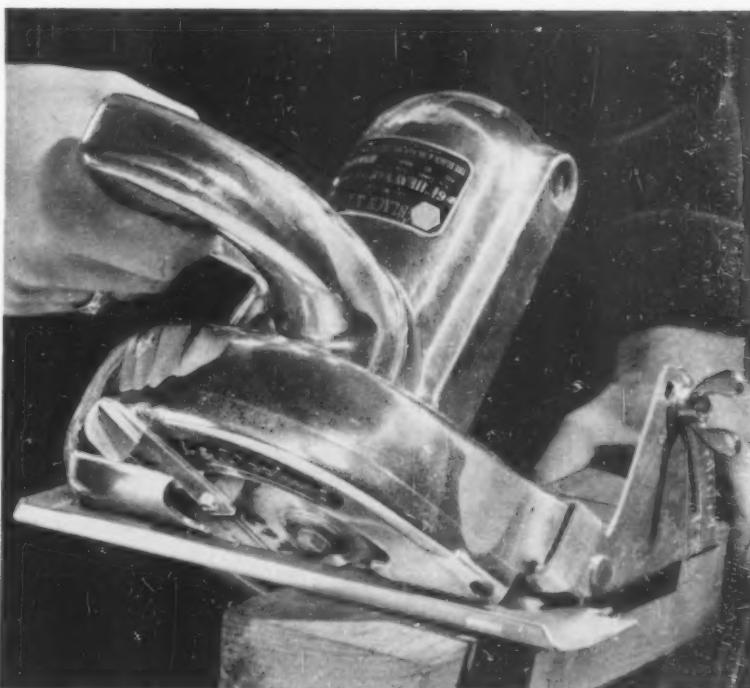
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## "When an Englishman sees food he boils it, but in Europe they cook it in oil"

tries were represented, and one of the principal speakers was Gen. Carlos Romulo, the permanent delegate to the United Nations for the Philippines. I had interviewed him in New York and wanted to hear him again, so I turned up one afternoon in the visitors' gallery where I was the only white person.

Romulo was speaking in his native tongue but, suddenly glancing up to where I sat, he broke briefly into English.

"We must make it perfectly plain," he said, "that the day of the white man — and the white woman — has ended in Asia."

In addition to such social problems there are health problems too for the traveler in many foreign countries. I am vaccinated for yellow fever, smallpox, cholera, typhus fever, typhoid, paratyphoid and for the Bubonic plague, an acute infection transmitted from animals to humans by vermin. Being often on the move in other lands, I keep my vaccination certificates always up to date. I have never been ill traveling, although I've frequently run the risk of indigestion.

It's a toilworn saying that when an Englishman sees food he boils it and an American fries it. In most of Europe they cook it in oil.

Flying from Athens to Rome recently, I was offered an airline meal of chicken with potato croquettes, carrots and peas, a vegetable salad and pastry. Everything down to the last tiny pea was cooked in oil, the salad was mixed in oil and the pastry was full of oil. It's too hard on a Canadian stomach; two items I always try to find space for in my luggage are a box of milk-of-magnesia tablets and a box of plain biscuits to stave off hunger.

### Hanging by his heels

Another item I always take along is a book—usually Green's Short History of the English People which I have read scores of times and never tire of reading. It has saved me from boredom on thousands of miles of travel and once it helped me in a conversation with Mussolini. In 1927 I was in Italy with samples of Canadian hard wheat trying to interest the Italian department of agriculture in our wheat as seed. Eventually I was directed to Mussolini. He said he was trying to make Italy self-reliant in food.

"I know I can save this country," he said, "and I know no other man can."

The words rang familiarly to me. They were the same that William Pitt the Elder had spoken at the beginning of the Seven Years' War in 1756. I told Mussolini this and I added: "William Pitt made his words come true."

"And so shall I," said Mussolini. Then he added, "I should like to read those words."

That evening I sent him my copy of Green's history. Eighteen years later, when I read how Mussolini's body with that of his mistress had been left hanging by the heels in the streets of Rome, I thought how those words were now mocking him.

One of the first and most famous rules for travelers is "Never talk to strangers," and it's one of the worst. Most of the fellow travelers I've met have been helpful and pleasant and some have been valuable.

In 1938 when the world was on the brink of war I went to Europe on the Aquitania. Shipboard companions included two young men who said they were news photographers going to take

pictures of the war in Spain. I was looking for news for my radio program and struck up a conversation with them. Could I go along?

The photographers gave me a flat no. "Dames are too much trouble," they said. By the time we reached Southampton, however, they had changed their minds. They had counted their money and decided they needed more to do their work. For three hundred dollars I could accompany them. I paid the three hundred, we went to Paris and from there flew to Madrid. There I saw for the first time at firsthand the air war and the bloody struggle on the ground, and also got a notable news story that did a lot to help my broadcasting career.

Another travel rule I have learned to trust, however, is the one that prescribes learning the customs of the country you're in and respecting them. This also includes diplomatic and royal protocol. I have met most members of the royal family, but one of the first and most memorable meetings was almost thirty years ago when I was presented to Queen Mary. It was at a commonwealth handicraft exhibition in London. Representatives from various countries had been schooled in their curtsies and advised that the queen started all conversations. It was drilled into my head: "The queen always speaks first."

In my exhibit was a map of Canada showing, among other points, the Alberta ranch of Edward, then Prince of Wales. The queen asked me about the map. I described it and, pointing to Alberta, I said: "Here's your son's ranch." There was a horrible silence and uneasy glances from the stewards at the show who afterward explained to me the one cardinal point in royal protocol: "One doesn't mention relationships in the royal family."

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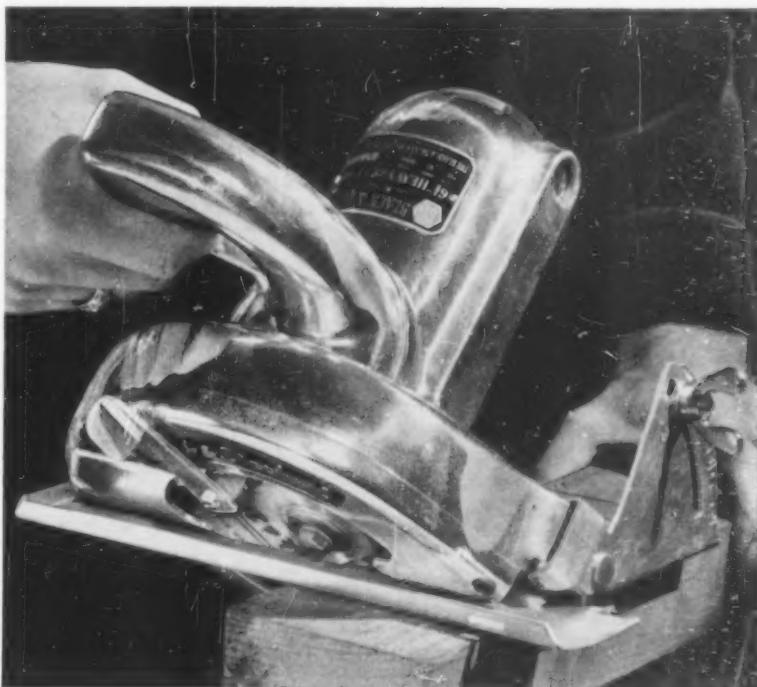
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## The seven who survived

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

everybody who drives a car is heavily protected by public liability insurance. "Twenty-five years ago," he says, "twenty thousand dollars was considered a lot of insurance. Now you need fifty thousand dollars or more." This is because the victims of accidents are often compensated for medical expenses and loss of earnings. Both these items today carry expensive price tags. Heavy damage awards, therefore, are not uncommon.

Recently a Toronto driver who killed an engineer earning \$18,000 a year was ordered to pay his dependents \$115,000. A London, Ont., woman who injured four people was assessed \$89,000, while a Vancouver court judgment totaled almost \$50,000. In Montreal, a wife was awarded \$30,000 for the death of her husband.

Wesley Stevenson felt that he was more than adequately protected by insurance. Policy No. 535726, purchased from the Economical Mutual Insurance Company of Kitchener, provided him with two thousand dollars protection against property damage and twenty thousand dollars for public liability damage. This policy cost him twenty-five dollars a year. For an extra five dollars, he could have had his public liability coverage increased to one hundred thousand dollars. "I thought I had more than enough to cover everything," says Stevenson. "To the average guy, twenty thousand dollars is a lot of money. I couldn't see how I could do that much damage in an accident. It never occurred to me that I might kill somebody."

Certainly, thoughts of death must have also been far away from the mind of William Korotash on the evening of July 31, 1954. A sequence of very ordinary events placed Korotash and his six passengers at the scene of the accident at 12:10 a.m. Korotash made it a practice to attend all the Ukrainian dances in the area. "I like seeing my daughters dancing and having a good

time," he would often say. On July 31, at 6:30 p.m., by prearrangement, the Korotashes picked up Joe Zeleniuk. Somebody then suggested, "Why don't we take the Krawchyks along with us?" Everyone thought this was a good idea. So did the Krawchyks. Constantine Krawchuk started to climb in his own car but Korotash talked him out of it. "Why bother taking two cars," he said. "We've got plenty of room in ours."

Everybody had a good time at the Ukrainian Hall. Bill Korotash didn't dance. His father had died some months ago and he was still observing a year of mourning. He had nothing strong to drink that day, or any other day for the past year. A stomach operation had put him on the wagon indefinitely. At 11:45 p.m. Annie Korotash began rounding up the passengers for the trip home. As she got into the car she suddenly felt nervous and urged her husband to drive carefully. "But I've never been in an accident in my life," he reminded her.

### He'd never had an accident

For Wesley Stevenson, the Saturday preceding the accident was no different than any other Saturday. It was his day off. It started off with Muriel Stevenson doing the washing, ironing and other household chores, while her husband cleaned up the yard and did repair jobs around the house. At 4 p.m. the Stevensons got in their car and drove downtown to buy their week's supply of groceries at a chain store. By 5:30 they were finished. As they always did, they then adjourned to the nearby Bodega Hotel for a beer before going home to supper. Not long after they sat down they were joined by Al Jones, also a bus driver, who had just finished work.

Stevenson was a happy man: he was satisfied with his job and his home. He had been driving a bus for nine years and he loved it. "You meet the public," he explained to me. "Everywhere you go people know you. It's a good feeling." Apart from the occasional scraped fender, he had never been involved in an accident with his bus.

Stevenson was content with his home life. This was his second marriage. He



## Dazed and bleeding, the woman shouted, "Take me out of here!"

had divorced his first wife in 1947, agreeing to pay eighty-five dollars a month to the support of his three children. (He hasn't been able to pay it since the accident.) In 1950 he married Muriel Berger, who continued working. Economically, they were managing nicely.

At the time of the accident, they only owed three thousand dollars on their house. They owned a refrigerator, car, stove and furniture. Apart from the house, they owed very little money. At 6 p.m. the Stevensons left the Bodega Hotel and drove home for supper, taking Jones with them. Later they played cribbage and drank beer. At 9.45 p.m., when the card game was over, Stevenson volunteered to drive Jones to his home, which is located some two miles north. To get there, Stevenson had to cross highway No. 2, which leads to Paris and Woodstock. Just as he stopped to cross the highway, Stevenson said, "It's too hot to go home. Why don't we drive to Paris and have a beer?" The others were agreeable. They made the seven-mile trip to Paris, parked the car, and entered the Canadian House. They left at 11.25, about five minutes before the hotel stopped serving.

Stevenson decided to take a different route home—highway No. 24. At 12.10 a.m., after an uneventful trip, he was coming around a curve at the Brantford city limits. Stevenson claims that he wasn't going fast. "I had a lot of time and I wasn't in a hurry to get anywhere," he says. He states that the beer did not befog his judgment. Halfway round the curve, he found himself in trouble. A second later he crashed into the Korotash car and was knocked senseless.

"I didn't care if I lived"

Mrs. Annie Korotash was the only survivor in the Korotash car who remembers what happened. She recalls that a car came speeding towards them on the wrong side of the road. An instant later, dazed and bleeding, she shouted to her husband. "I'm hurt. Take me out of here." She soon noticed that he was motionless. She didn't know whether he was dead or alive.

Stevenson regained consciousness five days later in the Brantford General Hospital, where all the accident victims were taken. His jaw, arm and hip were broken; his chest was injured. In the days that followed he learned of the terrible consequences of the collision. "I felt so badly about it I didn't care whether I lived or died," he recalls.

It was a grisly casualty list. According to Dr. Wilfred J. Holley, pathologist at the Brantford General Hospital, William Korotash had died instantly due to "a massive hemorrhage, severe blow to the chest, fracture of the spine and tearing of the aorta—a large blood vessel which leaves the heart." Muriel Stevenson died twenty minutes after being admitted to hospital as the result of a broken spine, fractured ribs, numerous lacerations and a tear in the right lung. Constantine Krawchyk survived the crash only by a few minutes. Annie Korotash had two broken legs, a broken collarbone and bad lacerations on the face and head. Joe Zeleniuk suffered a severe skull fracture, spinal injuries, as well as fractures on the right leg and hip. Rosalie Korotash suffered two fractured legs, while her younger sister Carol had a fracture of the left thigh and severe concussion.

Evidence gathered a few minutes after the crash by Constable Hugh Hamilton of the Ontario Provincial

Police pointed to Stevenson's guilt. There were twenty-nine-foot skid marks behind his car, which indicated that he was going much faster than Korotash. His car was on the wrong side of the road. At the hospital, Dr. Holley analyzed Stevenson's blood for alcoholic content. It contained 2.2 parts per thousand alcohol. Pathologists state that, as a rule, a person with more than 1.5 parts alcohol in his blood can

be correctly described as drunk.

Stevenson returned home on Saturday, Nov. 27, after being in hospital for almost four months. He was still far from well. He could hobble only with the help of crutches; his left arm was useless. With his wife dead and his sister working all day, he returned to an empty house. The neighbors helped take care of him. Four days later the police came and arrested him.

In the police station he heard himself charged with "the indictable offense of manslaughter arising out of operation of a motor vehicle," and "unlawfully driving a motor vehicle in a manner dangerous to the public." His late wife's parents provided two thousand dollars bail and he was given his freedom. On April 6, 1955, the preliminary hearing was held. He was committed for trial by jury in September.

Now civil lawsuits were launched against him by the Korotashes, the Krawchyks and Zeleniuk in the Ontario Supreme Court, in Kitchener.

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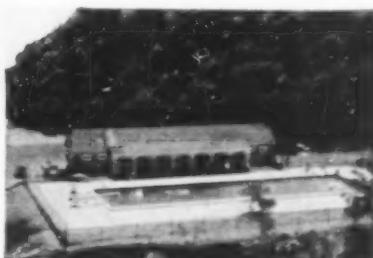


**Warning!** Women in the party will want to shop in New Brunswick—and why not? You can buy British woollens, bone china and rare antiques at considerable savings while handsome hand-woven skirts and suits from the looms of

New Brunswick's superb craftsmen can hardly be found anywhere else.

While she shops, he golfs. The royal and ancient game is practiced with enthusiasm over courses of great scenic beauty and championship calibre. Visitors to New Brunswick, incidentally, are afforded the fullest of hospitality at every golf club short of increasing par.

New Brunswick has not only a 600-mile sea coast with a number of excellent beaches but it also has more inland waters than any comparable land area in the world. These waters abound with speckled trout, black bass, pickerel, togue, perch, shad, Atlantic Silver salmon (the fish that made New Brunswick rivers famous) and, along the coast, pollock.



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\* "When someone asks me to suggest a place to go that's different, I will say New Brunswick," stated one of America's outstanding travel writers . . . An internationally famous author has compared the scenic Saint John River valley to the Rhine and Danube of Europe . . . A visitor from the Emerald Isle confessed she found New Brunswick "as beautiful as Ireland."

# New Brunswick



Canada's Picture Province

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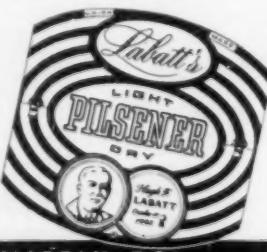
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**THE SWING IS DEFINITELY TO  
LABATT'S**

## The court set the damages at \$96,000. "The news paralyzed me," says Stevenson

They were non-jury cases. Hon. Mr. Justice W. F. Spence commented on the terrible suffering of the plaintiffs. It was improbable that Zeleniuk, he said, would ever be able to resume his job at the foundry, and "he lacked training for any other task." His ability to earn a living for the rest of his natural life had been affected. "He suffered a great deal and he still suffers." Mrs. Korotash, he said, would always "feel swelling and pain in her left leg." Her forehead and face were blemished by scars, "very real damage to a young woman." He noted that Rosalie Korotash was in hospital for six months, enduring the confinement of splints, wires and casts. Carol Korotash was still on crutches two months after the accident. Hon. Mr. Justice Aylen, who presided at the Krawchuk case, was impressed by the extent of Olga Krawchuk's injuries and suffering. He noted that her provider—and the same was true of Annie Korotash—was now dead.

Judgment was given at the end of May 1955. Stevenson would have to pay the three parties a total of \$96,781.95. Since his insurance coverage was inadequate, he personally would be responsible for raising \$75,016.45. "I was paralyzed by the news," says Stevenson.

The trial on the criminal charges against Stevenson was held in the middle of September 1955. He was found not guilty of motor manslaughter, but guilty of dangerous driving. The judge sentenced him to four months in the Guelph reformatory. Because of his poor physical condition, he spent that time doing light work around the prison office. On the morning of January 3, 1956, he came out of prison. "But not as a free man," says Stevenson, referring to the judgment that still hangs over his head. Until he pays it, his bank account and property can be confiscated, his wages garnisheed. Stevenson says the amount is so large it's hopeless. "If I only owed ten thousand dollars, I might arrange to pay it off at so much a year. But this way—I'm like Joe Louis and the taxes he owes the government: I'll never get out of debt." He says that he has no incentive to go back to work. "What's the point of it if I make one hundred dollars a week and they take away seventy-five?"

Stevenson's talk about future earnings is purely speculative at this point. His doctor has not yet pronounced him fit to return to work. Each week he goes further into debt. The past nineteen months of physical suffering and

mental strain have changed him. He looks much older, he's quieter and he worries a great deal. "I'm not only thinking about myself," he told me, "There are all the other people who were in the accident. They're having as tough a time as I am."

I found this to be true when I visited the survivors of the Korotash car. Emotionally, Annie Korotash is still shaken by the experience. When she stands up for more than a few minutes, her left leg swells up and throbs violently. Her head injuries still trouble her. She becomes dizzy when she bends over and combing her hair is unbearably painful. She has shooting pains in her face. Fortunately, the home she and her children are living in is fully paid for. They are living on a small insurance policy left by her husband, but this is rapidly dwindling since their only regular income is a forty-five-dollar monthly rental received from another house on their property. "I cut corners wherever I can," says Mrs. Korotash. "I shop for inexpensive food. I don't go anywhere and I don't buy clothes for myself. But still the debts mount up. I owe thousands. I still have unpaid medical bills." The future is bleak.

### The future looked bright

This is in marked contrast to the family fortunes before the accident in 1954. In 1942 the Korotashes took all their money—eighteen hundred dollars—and bought an old house and six acres of land on Concession Road, at the outskirts of Preston. Bill Korotash got a job at a metal-furniture factory in nearby Galt and earned fifty-five dollars a week. His wife took in three boarders who each paid fourteen dollars a week. She cultivated a large garden and kept five hundred chickens and two cows. The Korotashes gradually modernized the old house themselves and built a new one. At the time of the accident they were practically free of debt, and the value of their holding on Concession Road had increased to sixteen thousand five hundred dollars. The future looked bright.

The history of the Krawchiks is not unlike that of the Korotashes. They came to Preston in 1948 and bought a six-room brick house for ninety-five hundred dollars. Constantine Krawchuk took a job in a textile mill and earned fifty dollars a week. To help pay for the house, his wife Olga worked as a "twister" in a woollen yarn factory and took in two boarders. When her

### Byway to a man's heart

The wives far more lucky than thousands of others  
Are those who by fortunate accident find  
That their husbands had wise and considerate mothers  
Who brought up their sons to be thoughtful and kind.

But sunnier still than the star-studded lives  
Of even the women in movies and books  
Is the lot of those happy exceptional wives  
Whose mothers-in-law are deplorable cooks.

P. J. BLACKWELL



MACLEAN'S

"It was unlocked all the time."

day's work was finished, she would hurry home and prepare dinner for her husband, two sons and the boarders. At the time of the accident, the mortgage had been reduced to three thousand dollars, and the Krawchyks owned a car and a house full of furniture. "I loved to work," recalls Mrs. Krawchyk. "I was happy and I sang all the time—even at the factory when the machinery was going."

After the accident, Mrs. Krawchyk spent four months in hospitals in Brantford and London. She's still in poor health. She finds it difficult to walk and going upstairs is a major undertaking. The left side of her face has been permanently pushed out of shape. This has affected her eyesight so badly that she can no longer do embroidery work, even with the aid of glasses. Her lips are numb because certain facial nerves were severed. She has headaches. The death of her husband was a grievous loss. "He was a great talker and made friends with everyone. He used to look after everything. Suddenly he was gone. I felt lost and all alone. I have suffered for months, I have lost my health and yet I didn't even get enough money to pay my medical bills. It doesn't seem right." Mrs. Krawchyk has recently remarried and is living in Toronto.

When I called at Joe Zeleniuk's boarding house in Preston, he answered the door on crutches. He remained standing throughout the interview because he often finds it too painful to sit down. At night, to turn from one side to another, he has to get out of bed. At times his head aches violently and becomes "burning hot." The inactivity of the past nineteen months has depressed him. "By now I've got practically no money left," he says. To conserve his funds, he's cut his smoking to a few packs a month. The local municipality has sent him several notices advising him that he owes the annual \$7.50 poll tax. "I can't pay it," says Zeleniuk.

He recalls the comparative prosperity he enjoyed before the accident. On his sixty-five dollars a week he lived well; he had good clothes, went to parties, movies, dances. Even though he sent regular food and clothing parcels to his relatives in Poland, he still managed to lay aside a tidy sum each week. Zeleniuk doesn't know when—or if—these good times will ever return. He doubts if he will ever be able to go back to his heavy job at the foundry. He's

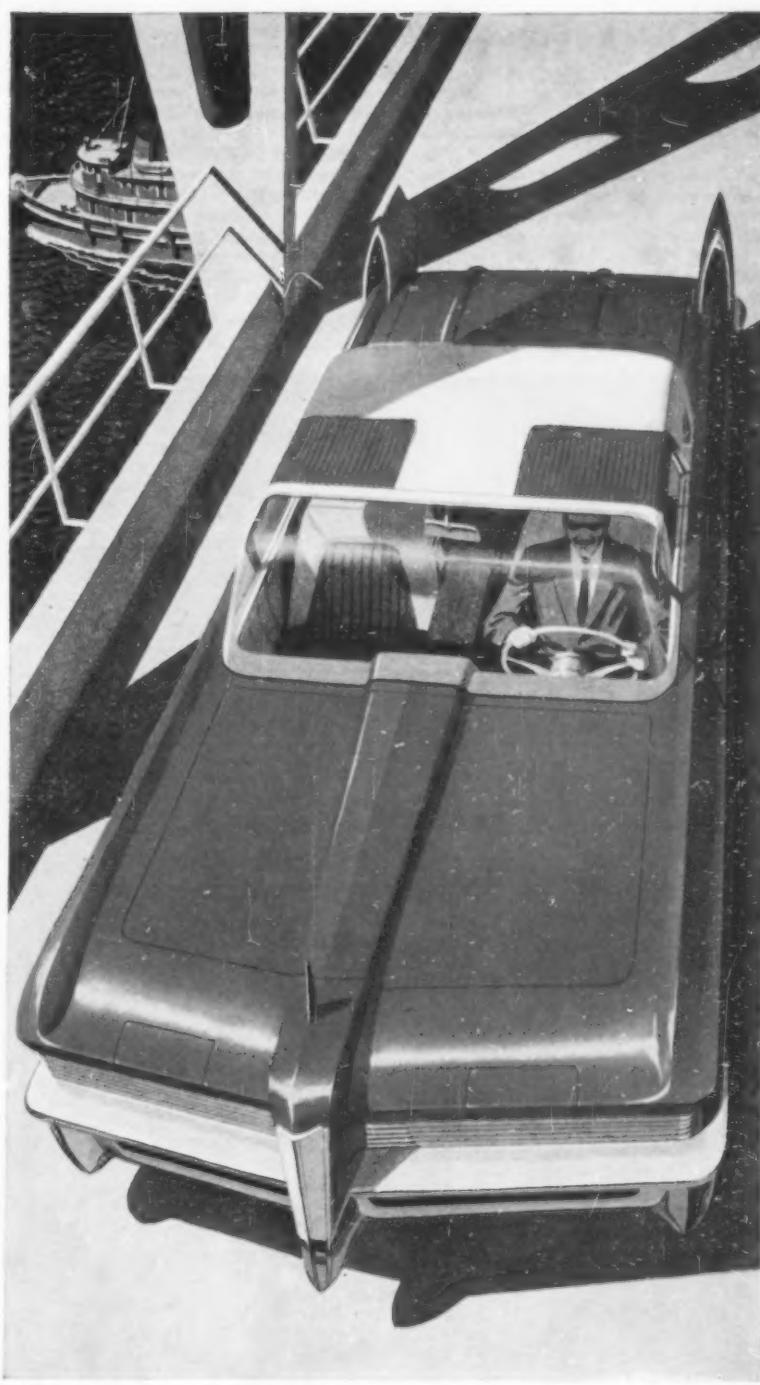
had no experience at other types of work. A clerical position is out of the question since his knowledge of English is imperfect. As soon as his doctor gives him a certificate of health, he plans to register at the National Employment Service. If officials there can't place him, he becomes eligible for unemployment benefits—a maximum of seventeen dollars a week for about eight months. After that, if he still has no job, he will become dependent on local relief or the generosity of friends. "I hate to think about the future," says Zeleniuk.

In moments of desperation, Annie Korotash has often said to her lawyer, A. W. Boos, "I've got so little of the forty thousand dollars awarded to me. Please get more for me." Like the other lawyers involved in the case, Boos is pessimistic about getting very much money from Stevenson. It's unlikely that his debt will ever be discharged in full.

Stevenson's creditors have a number of courses of action open to them. They can exercise their legal right to confiscate part of his future earnings. This has certain dangers. If they deprive him of too much of his income, he might decide that there is no point in working. Or they might decide that seventy-five thousand dollars is an unrealistic amount of money, and make a settlement with him for a more reasonable sum—let's say ten thousand dollars—payable in fifteen years or so. It is unlikely that they can collect from the Unsatisfied Judgment Fund, operated by the Ontario government. Since 1947, this fund has paid out eight million dollars to automobile-accident victims. Some have been injured by hit-and-run drivers; others by drivers with no public liability insurance or other means to pay for the damage they caused. But the fund pays out a maximum of eleven thousand dollars to the victims of any single accident, and in the Stevenson case they have already received twenty-one thousand dollars.

While his creditors decide his future, Stevenson sits at home brooding. "The past nineteen months have been a nightmare," he told me recently. "One minute things are going along okay—the next minute I'm a ruined man. No home, no job, no car, no money, no credit, no future. How do I feel? Terrible. I can't tell you how terrible."

The Korotashes, the Krawchyks and Joe Zeleniuk feel the same way. ★



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## Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

particularly, did Hon. Brooke Claxton, ex-Minister of National Defense and one-time parliamentary assistant to King.

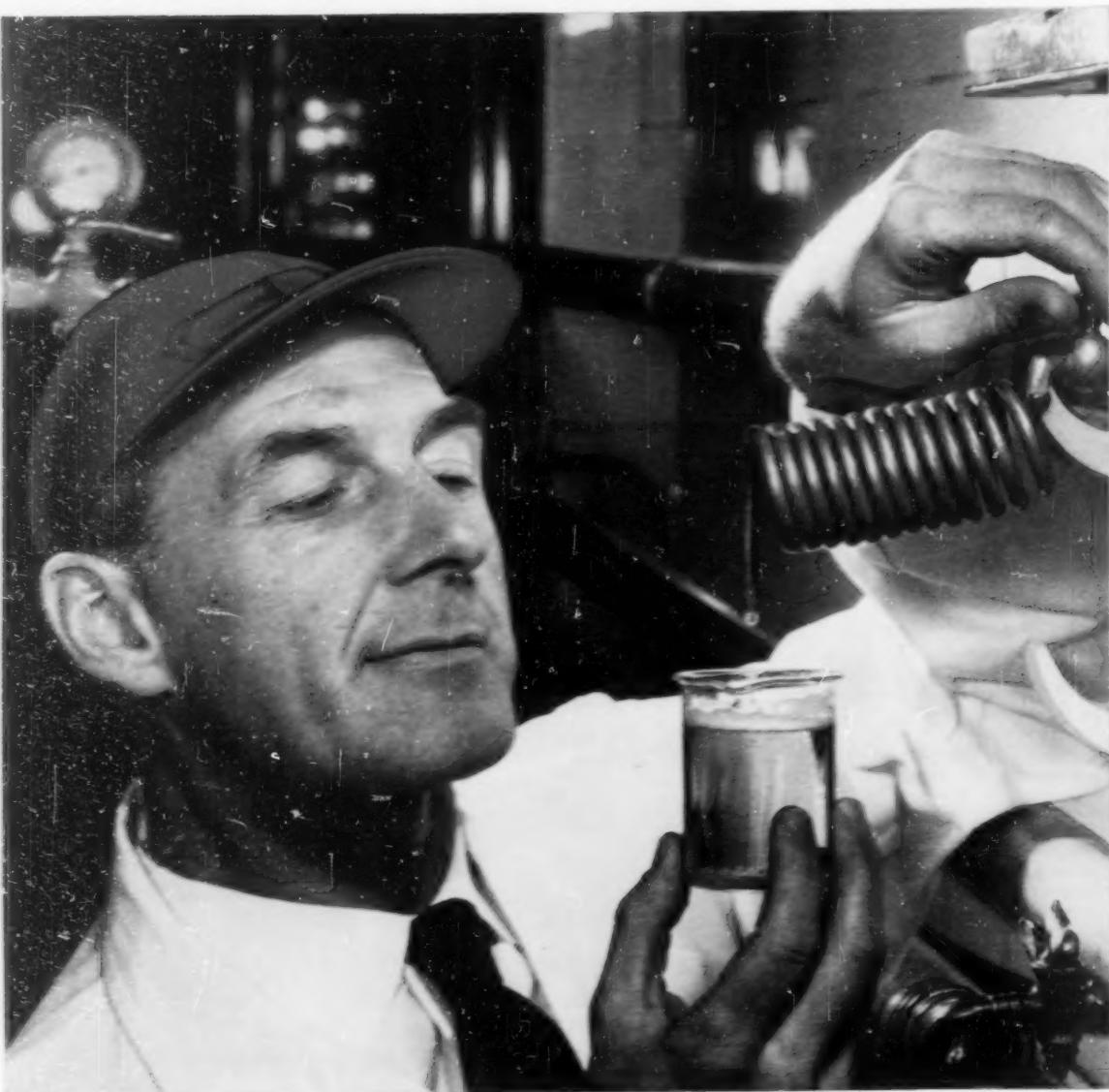
Unlike anyone in the CBC up to this point, Claxton had read the book, and he was furious. When the CBC's telephoned invitation came Claxton's reply

nearly melted the wires. This fact was immediately reported to the program people in Toronto, who in turn telephoned it back to the national director of programs at CBC headquarters in Ottawa.

Meanwhile, Claxton had told several people about the invitation and his indignation refusal. One was ex-colleague Jack Pickersgill, who sympathized with Claxton's indignation but remarked that this was something no cabinet minister would touch with a barge pole. Another was Claxton's old friend and near neighbor, A. Davidson Dunton,

chairman of the CBC Board of Governors.

A few days later the program came up for discussion at one of the frequent informal meetings of program directors with the CBC management in Ottawa. Of the four or five people at the meeting only two were aware of the Claxton incident, and none had read the book. They decided at least to postpone the show until they could have a look at the biography and see whether it merited this kind of special television treatment, which was not unique but was certainly unusual. The program



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department was told to go no further with it for the time being.

This was early in December. The CBC Times, which lists CBC programs for each week, goes to press three weeks before its publication date. When the order came to suspend operations on the Ferns-Ostry show the CBC Times had already gone to press with the program listed for radio broadcast Dec. 20, although it was not announced that the discussion would be televised.

In January the CBC's top echelon met again, and this time everyone at the meeting had read the book. None liked it. They all thought it was biased and malicious, an opinion shared by many foes as well as friends of the late prime minister. They didn't think it deserved the special publicity of a TV discussion panel instead of an ordinary book review; in fact, as one of them remarked later, they thought the CBC had been sold a bill of goods.

The only question among them was whether the project should be dropped at this point, or whether it had gone too far. The strongest argument for going through with it was that dropping it now might look like a yielding to pressure—or, as Conservative MP Donald Fleming said later in the House of Commons, to "the anticipation of pressure, which would be even worse." The obvious counter to that, of course, was that the program should be judged on its merits and not favored through fear of being thought afraid.

In the end the decision was to drop the TV panel discussion and simply review the book in the ordinary way on the radio program Critically Speaking. But instead of settling the problem, this merely brought the comedy of errors to a climax. A review had already been assigned, in fact, and was to have been broadcast in late January or early February. But now a new complication arose.

The reviewer, a well-known Canadian scholar, withdrew from the assignment. He pointed out that the controversy had put him in an impossible position. If he disliked the book he would sound like a hired hatchetman for the CBC. If he liked it, he would sound like an apologist hired to redress the grievance of Ferns and Ostry. He didn't wish to appear in either role.

This left the CBC in a spot all over again, and at the moment of writing they're still in it. The CBC thought the reviewer's point so well taken that the CBC hasn't felt like asking anyone else to assume the embarrassing task. Some people have suggested two reviews, one favorable and one critical, but this would be special treatment almost as extraordinary as the original TV panel. It is apparent to everybody now that to review this book "in the ordinary way" is no longer possible.

The funniest ending imaginable to this protracted fuss would be to set up another panel discussion. What the Liberals would do or say then is a matter for interesting speculation.

STRANGE AS IT MAY SEEM the Liberals have the worst persecution complex of all political parties in their relations with the CBC. They think the CBC is in a dark chronic conspiracy to malign the Liberal government, and they recite examples with the fluency of a hypochondriac describing his symptoms.

In one wrangle that went on for over a year and has only now ended in reluctant agreement, the Liberals were on one side and the Conservatives, CCF, Social Credit and the CBC all lined up on the other. The issue was political television, the kind of free-time program that on radio is called The Nation's Business.

Liberals had two evident motives for

dragging their feet in the preparations for free-time television. Without it, the Liberal advantage over other parties on TV is overwhelming. The news, naturally and inevitably, brings the faces of Liberal cabinet ministers to the screen night after night. Liberal Party workers complain that the pictures thus broadcast are unflattering (and deliberately so, they imply), but they must know their near-monopoly of the television screen is a net asset.

Another visible reason for Liberal reluctance to support politics-over-television is the fact that Prime Minister St. Laurent, their star attraction and champion vote-getter, dislikes television and will have no more to do with it than he can help. The party has lots of other TV talent available, of course—L. B. Pearson, James Sinclair, Paul Martin and others have taken to the new medium like ducks to water—but the typical Liberal Party official is as timid as a millionaire and as tender as the princess who couldn't sleep on a pea. The idea of going into political contest without their star alarmed them.

#### The too-dry runs

Foot-dragging first became evident about fifteen months ago when the CBC began a series of "dry runs" by way of experiment in political broadcasting. Various leaders from all four parties were brought to the studio, made up and put through sample programs in front of TV cameras that were live in the studio but not sending pictures over the air.

Liberals seemed to want the dry runs never to stop. At one point they were insisting that, before any live programs were broadcast, every one of the twenty-one cabinet ministers should have one. Since the dry runs cost about thirteen hundred dollars apiece and since other parties would have had to get proportionate treatment, the CBC managed to fend off this demand, but not without effort.

Meanwhile, though, the dry runs had exposed another difficulty. All the experimental programs were simply terrible. The picture of a single politician's wooden face, while he read without any interruption a prepared speech, was something that defied all attempts to turn it into a show. But according to the interpretation of the Broadcasting Act that had been accepted in radio, this was the only kind of political broadcasting permissible.

"Dramatized" broadcasting was forbidden by the act itself, not by mere CBC regulation. The prohibition was a result of Mackenzie King's annoyance with a Conservative radio series in the 1935 campaign, when a fictitious character called "Mr. Sage" took large strips of hide off Liberals generally and Mackenzie King in particular. And for radio purposes, the CBC had always

assumed that dramatized broadcasting included discussion programs or, indeed, any sort of program with more than one speaker at a time. For radio, nobody minded. Television was different.

Last October the CBC drew up a tentative set of new regulations for television. Multiple speaker programs, graphics and various other devices of the TV trade were to be allowed. This involved a reinterpretation of the Broadcasting Act, but the CBC suggested that if all four parties were agreeable to it, nobody else would care.

The opposition parties were favorably impressed by the plan. The Liberals were not. Action was deferred until another meeting scheduled for November, which was later canceled because the Liberal representative couldn't make it. The meeting was not in fact reconvened until mid-December, nearly two months after the plan was first proposed and only one month before the free-time programs were to have started.

They did not start. The Liberal representative announced that his party could not agree to these proposals, be-

cause any such agreement would amount to a conspiracy to evade the law. He suggested that the new regulations be submitted to the Department of Justice for an opinion as to whether or not they violated the Broadcasting Act.

Two more months (and two more cancellations of scheduled meetings) later, the party representatives and the CBC met again to hear the Justice Department's opinion. It was favorable—the regulations were pronounced legal. Even the Liberals had nothing more to say in the way of objection. ★



James A. Murray, Architect

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# Mailbag

## DID CLIFFORD WILLIAMS GET JUSTICE?

I want to express my appreciation of the article, "How Long Will Clifford Williams Stay in Jail?" by Sidney Katz (Feb. 18)... Reform of mental and penal institutions has made great advances since World War II. Don't you think we should begin on bench and court reform? Why such uneven sentences as those quoted by Mr. Katz—four years for embezzlement of \$80,000 and ten years for breaking into a confectionery? Could not Canada follow Great Britain in having such cases tried by two or more judges sitting together, instead of one judge, who, by reasons of age or health or disposition, is likely to have certain prejudices?—Laura Jamieson, Burnaby, B.C.

Has our Department of Justice enough humanity to correct its own mistakes?—Rev. Wm. Turney, Winnipeg.

Justice must be maintained, but is this justice!—Mrs. H. C. Kloosterboer, Cartwright, Man.

The Clifford Williams story is a classic example of the power of a fearless press in a free country to expose a travesty of justice.—Walter C. Rawle, Clementsport, N.S.

We all make mistakes; Clifford Williams is paying too high a price for his.—Walter Karen, Vernon, B.C.

I am disgusted that Canada could allow such injustices as this.—Mrs. Bernice Fawcett, Innisfail, Alta.

Certainly crime must be punished but is there no loophole by which this cruel act can be rescinded?—G. G. Bains, Duncan, B.C.

Hats off to the Hale family for their efforts to secure justice!—S. Grimwood, Edmonton.

The prime minister himself cannot escape censure. He cannot be unaware of the case and should have seen to it that appropriate action was taken to mitigate the shame which is the shame of all Canadians.—C. R. L. Payne, Vancouver.

The time to help one of these punks is before they commit crimes like hold-ups, not afterward. If you are so indignant at moderate sentences given other hoodlums, do your best to get them hauled back in court to have some more years added to their sentences. Clifford Williams got little enough.—J. R. Pake, Port Alberni, B.C.

I have lived in Toronto nearly forty-five years and have boasted plenty about Canada, but now I'll have to keep silent about the administration of justice.—Wm. Parrett, Toronto.

We have a man admitting to nine armed robberies, and men like Katz write articles about unfair treatment... We have a sex murder of a five-year-old, and Toronto police round up scores of known sex offenders... We

have a convicted murderer, and two years later he is still appealing his death sentence.

Let's hang proven murderers and lock up proven armed robbers, and watch our crime rate decrease.—R. Allen, Trail, B.C.

Being a mother of three sons and one daughter, age 23, 21, 20 and 11, my heart goes out to this boy...—Bessie Burns, Port Credit, Ont.

As part of the society to which Clifford Williams is paying his debt, I feel that he has already paid it in full and should be given a chance to start over...—L. Joyce Booth, Lennoxville, Que.

Such a sentence is on a par with the old English death penalty for sheep stealing. Twenty-eight years for about \$300!—Madeleine Mathers, Maple, Ont.

### An echo for Baxter

Beverley Baxter's article on television (London Letter, Feb. 18) says what I have been wanting to say for years: "To offer such fare to adults is the same as giving them baby food for dinner. You cannot listen to such drivel without some diminution of your



mental faculties." And the commercials! I do not want to rush right out to my nearest store and buy orange juice and powdered coffee. I want to rush right out and buy arsenic!—Mrs. D. MacDuff, Lachine, Que.

### Gilmour becomes gospel

If Gilmour says a film is good or bad, then I believe him. He seems to hit the nail on the head every time.—Jay Hyslop, Toronto.

### A Tory on the campus

In The Campus That Covers A Province (Feb. 18) you refer in a picture to J. S. Tory at a 1919 University of Alberta convocation. Should it not have been Henry Marshall Tory?—Sidney J. Cook, Ottawa.

It was Henry Marshall Tory.

### Should we subsidize art?

In What's Wrong with Subsidies for the Arts? (Jan. 7) Dr. Leslie Bell refers to the work of the Arts Council of Great Britain. It's only fair to point out that Britons have always had a great interest in theatre and music. Is Dr. Bell sure Canadians are interested in the Canadian artist? He says, "What the Canadian artist needs more than

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anything is an audience" and "Cultured nations are nations in which the people are excited about their artists." Can this be said about Canada? If it cannot, what use would subsidies be, unless to pay audiences and patrons? —Margerie Scott, Windsor.

• Which orchestras do we have on tour? How many choruses, ballets, operas or pianists? How many exhibitors touring Europe are delighting connoisseurs in Paris, Rome, Stockholm or Vienna with the work of Canadian painters or sculptors? Our record is dismal, is it not?—Bernard H. Knight, Port Lambton, Ont.

• Dr. Bell pours his scorn on parents and school boards who enjoy Gilbert and Sullivan and laments that these people are restrictive and guilty of favoritism . . .

However, he fails to tell what we should perform in its place. If a Canadian Council of Art can help produce something as good, by all means let us have one. To date this challenge hasn't been met.—A. Bartman, Winnipeg.

• Three cheers to Dr. Bell and a doff of the hat to you.—R. S. Wilson, Ponoka, Alta.

#### Jasper on our cover

Congratulations on Maclean's Feb. 18 issue with Jasper on the cover. Now I suggest a companion series to Jasper on Banff, the beaver . . . Simpkins has



the genius of drawing and the love of children of Walt Disney.—Mary O'Donnell Luxton, Victoria.

• The Jasper cover caused me to ha, ho, ho, ha, ha. It surely is a winner.—Herbert Perrin, River John, N.S.

#### The day the balloon broke

In your article, When Ballooning was the Craze (Dec. 24), you said that nothing of great interest took place in Canada until after 1880. I was at Paris, Ont., in 1879 when a balloon went up, with one man in it riding on a single bar. It was carried a mile, then burst in a cloud of hot air and smoke. It fell like a rag with the man hanging to the bar. It came through the branches of a large tree which partly caught the balloonist. He lived a short time after the crash . . . —Norman Dawson, Vancouver.

#### When lambs are born

In his article, The Man With The Acres of Lambs (Feb. 4), Douglas Dacre says ewes are mated in December and are born toward the end of March. The gestation period of a ewe is approximately five months.—Wilfred M. Wilson, West Vancouver, B.C.

Dacre admits he rushed his lambing.

#### Wonderful Nova Scotia

Bruce Hutchison's article on Nova Scotia is without doubt the best article written about that wonderful province . . . —Dan MacLean, Calgary.

• Hutchison never once referred to Pictou County which is on the main-

land along the Northumberland Strait. The first steel ship built in Nova Scotia was launched at New Glasgow on the East River. Pictou, the capital, overlooks a fine harbor where Highland Scots landed in the ship Hector in 1773. Pictou has a colorful history and her ship captains in the days of sail were famous the world over.—W. Ross Fraser, Toronto.

• We have some of the finest apple country in the world in the Annapolis Valley and an abundance of timber, coal, gypsum in other parts of the province, not to mention the fishing industry. Yet our people are poor. Why? Mr. Hutchison states what we all know: tariffs have shut us out from our natural market on the eastern coast of the U.S. It's time for a change.—R. K. McCormick, Arcadia, N.S.

#### A great tribe of runners

You have done a good thing to tell the white man of Tom Longboat (The Rise and Fall of Tom Longboat, Jan. 21) but in the old days there were many such runners.

Ernest Thompson Seton in 1882 saw a young Cree who had run 125 miles from Fort Qu'Appelle to Fort Ellice in 25 hours. The El Paso Times reported that on Nov. 8, 1926, two Indians, Thomas Zafiro and Leonicio San Miguel, ran 62½ miles from Pachuca to Mexico City in 9 hours, 37 minutes. The Handbook of American Indians, 1910, tells of the Tarahumare mail carrier who ran 500 miles a week from Chihuahua to Batopilas, Mexico; and also of a Hopi messenger who ran 120 miles in 15 hours.—Guy Spittal, Toronto.

• The race between Longboat and Alfie Shrub at Hanlan's Point, which you say was held on June 28, 1909, was actually held on June 26.—Sydney A. Banks, Midland, Ont.

Mr. Banks' memory is perfect.

#### The dignity of plain pine

After reading your editorial, Our Cheap But Costly Funerals (Jan. 7), I felt I must commend you. The simplicity and dignity of a plain pine casket and a clean white shroud surely are adequate for any funeral service; to do more is to refute our belief in the spirit . . . —Frank S. Baxter, Winnipeg.

• I now know how to word my request in my will for a very simple burial. I shall order "the plain pine casket and the clean white shroud."—Mrs. Jean McCallen, Waterford, Ont.

• I am in complete agreement with your sentiments regarding the high cost of dying. While there is no doubt that this situation has been brought about partly by the super-smooth techniques evolved by the morticians, I think that the public is partly to blame also, for the tendency these days is to stage as lavish a funeral as possible, even when it means going into debt for a considerable time. This is done, I think, mainly to impress those who come to see the deceased laid out in all his or her finery . . . The ideal solution is, of course, cremation . . . —Tom O. Moore, Ottawa.

• Are there not a few brave souls who would insist on a plain funeral?—Mrs. H. E. Carver, Montreal.

• The dead . . . should be buried simply and with humility, and if this deprives the mortician of a livelihood there must be other ways for him to earn his daily bread.—Mrs. Frances L. Moore, London, Ont. ★

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## How long can the boom last?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

so free, consumer prices have jumped only a fraction in the last year, but the cost of industrial raw materials has been edging upward. In three moves last August, October and November, the Bank of Canada increased the interest on money it lends chartered banks from one and a quarter percent to two and a half percent. The move, which in effect tightened up bank loans, underlined the government's determination to stop money from getting cheaper.

Ottawa's economists are continuously watching every business indicator for weak spots in the boom. In the 1920s most government statistics were collected and published only once or twice a year. Since 1945 the Dominion Bureau of Statistics has been keeping a daily watch on Canada's economic progress. The DBS figures also help businessmen make sounder decisions, so they don't saw off too many limbs behind them.

Many influential Canadians are convinced that there will not be another collapse like that of 1929. "Only a wilful disregard of past lessons," says William A. Wecker, president of General Motors of Canada, "should ever again throw us into a situation comparable to 1929." Even the arch-conservative governor of the Bank of Canada, James Coyne, believes that "the great depression of the Thirties will never be repeated." Dr. O. J. Firestone, economic adviser to Trade Minister C. D. Howe, thinks "there is little indication that Canada is likely to have, in the next quarter century, a depression as severe as that of the 1930s."

The depression of the Thirties began with the greatest stock-market crash in history. Business confidence was gone for the next decade. The "cardiac panic" that followed President Eisenhower's heart attack last year proved that North America can prosper while the stock market tumbles. The presi-

dent's illness prompted a stock-selling wave that pushed the Dow-Jones index for industrial stocks down thirty-one points in one day—the biggest drop since October 29, 1929. Yet 1955 turned out to be the best business year in North American history. As long as the economy is reasonably healthy (as it was not in 1929) a few millions—or even billions—lost on the stock market will not necessarily mean a depression. The stock market itself is in a much stronger position today. In 1929 the amount of cash necessary to buy stock was decided by the broker or his banking connections. Ten percent was usually enough. Today Canadian investors need at least fifty percent cash. In 1929 there were virtually none of today's restrictions on pool operations—a method nimble traders used to drive up the price of a stock by selling shares to one another. Other forms of investment are also much more firmly based. Mortgages are now drawn up for twenty-five and thirty years, to be paid off in monthly installments. Before 1933 mortgages rarely ran beyond five years and many fell due in a lump sum. Payment was demanded after the 1929 crash and a wave of foreclosures resulted.

### Research speeds everybody

The economy's steadier financial props have stimulated business confidence. Canadian manufacturers now are basing their plans on long-range population forecasts and other growth factors. That means capital spending is less affected by temporary sales dips. Since 1945 Canadian businessmen have ploughed back nearly forty billion dollars to expand their production—the equivalent of thirteen seaways a year.

During the Twenties, business research was a rarity reserved for a dozen or so of this continent's largest corporations. Today, North American business spends more than seven billion dollars a year on research to improve its manufacturing techniques and the quality of its products. This helps accelerate the business pace. It has become risky to hold back an invention, even if business conditions are unfavorable. A de-

## What the government can do to end a depression

THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT now has the tools to help pull the country out of any but the severest and most prolonged recession. It can guarantee consumers minimum purchasing power through unemployment insurance (not available until 1941). It can increase or decrease the country's supply of money and credit. It can make loans or guarantee loans—as it is now doing for prairie wheat farmers. It can subsidize faltering industries. Ottawa's most effective economic booster would be to cut taxes. Because nearly all working Canadians now pay taxes, an income-tax reduction would be the same as giving everybody a raise.

If a dangerous recession appeared to be developing, the government could give the economy a fillip by rushing work on its backlog of public works. Bongard and Co., a Toronto brokerage firm, has calculated Canada's school, highway, hospital and water-and-sewage works requirements for the next ten years will total more than twelve billion dollars. Others flatly estimate the Canadian economy could run all out for three years, merely filling its public-works gaps.

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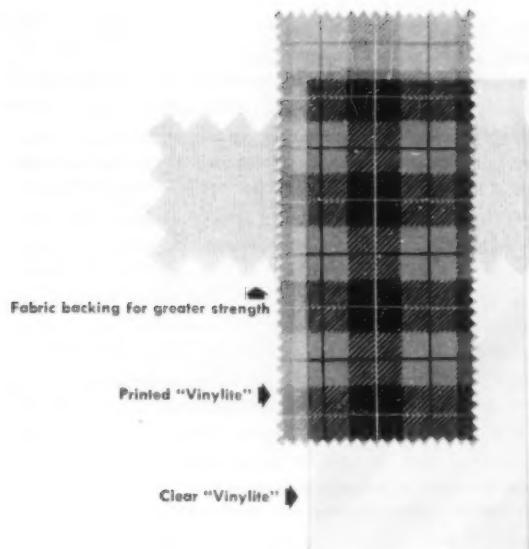
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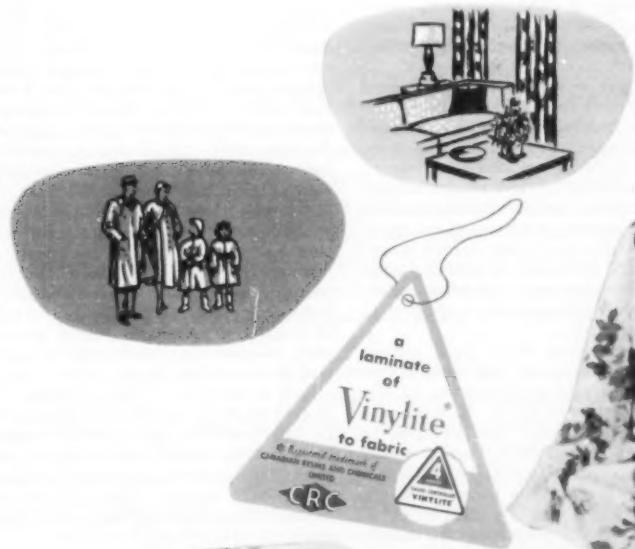
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## How many

### people can we support?

ESTIMATES of how many people Canadian resources can eventually support have ranged from twenty-five million to two hundred and fifty million. Canada is the world's third largest nation, covering a fourteenth of the earth's surface. Yet this country has less than one percent of the world's population. If those parts of Canada where climate allows comfortable year-round living were populated with the same density as the U. S., we would have about eighty million people. By 1980 there will probably be seven Canadians per square mile, compared with four now. But we will still have plenty of elbow room. Our population density will be 103 times lower than Japan's.

Predicting future population is difficult. Some of Canada's forecasters have missed the mark by an amazing margin. In 1946 the government predicted a Canadian population of fifteen million by 1990, and a decline thereafter. Offsetting this estimate (which came true thirty-seven years ahead of time) was the bold forecast made in 1876 by the Canadian Almanac, which predicted exactly 42,598,721 Canadians by 1941.

Economists work out population trends by trying to link marriage and birth rates with expected business conditions. That implies predicting romance—a dangerous habit. The theory is that an improved standard of living means fewer babies, but more trips to the altar. The theory has not worked. Since the war, in spite of unprecedented good times, Canada has achieved one of the highest birth rates (29 per thousand per year) of any industrialized nation.

lay gives the competitor's researchers time to bring out a similar or better product. The pressure to keep plants expanding will grow because of automation. Once management decides to switch a plant into automated operation, it is not possible to wait for good times before completing the project without losing the benefits of money already invested.

Management feels it can expand plants with less fear of overproduction because the federal government has a large range of tools to ease or end a depression—from cutting taxes and making loans to increasing public works.

While public works have accounted for a relatively small part of the federal budget in postwar years, almost half the government's revenue has been spent on building up and maintaining military defense. What would happen if international tensions relaxed and we no longer needed our present defenses? The 117,000 men in our armed forces could easily be absorbed into the labor pool, and most armaments manufacturers are already geared to convert to other production.

A bright spot that goes almost unnoticed is that we are slowly outgrowing our slavish imitation of the dips and spurts of the U. S. economy. Canada first broke the parallel in 1949, when a mild U. S. recession was hardly felt here. Our 1954 slowdown was much less serious than the U. S. slump. "There are," says Dr. O. J. Firestone, in the jargon of the economist, "increasingly independent growth factors in Canada acting as brakes on recessionary influences emanating from the U. S."

This country will be able to generate more of its own business momentum as

more people produce more goods. Canada now adds a million people to its population every thirty months. That means Canadian business is gaining forty-six new customers (including immigrants) an hour.

How many people can the country's resources support? The estimates range from twenty-five million to two hundred and fifty million. If we had the same population density as the U. S. we'd have eighty million people.

Our population isn't growing fast enough now to suit Canadian manufacturers. Frustrated by their small domestic market, they have often advocated filling this country's empty spaces through mass migrations. A million postwar immigrants have brought them a huge extra sales potential. Because only half of the new arrivals joined the labor force (the remainder were children, wives and other dependents) they have been absorbed without serious dislocations. But getting enough suitable immigrants to uproot themselves to face the uncertainties of life in the new world is becoming a serious problem. The type of newcomers Canada wants are the very people that countries abroad—also in various stages of boom—cannot afford to let go. "The priorities for migration have moved from the skilled to the unskilled, from urban workers to agricultural workers and from northern Europe to the southern European countries," reports the Intergovernmental Committee for European Migration.

Lagging immigration is not the only dilemma in measuring the staying power of Canadian prosperity. Our dependence on the world's markets is greater than most of us realize. On a per-capita basis, this country's total

## "A most baffling paradox is Canadians' reluctance to invest in their country"

trade ranks second only to that of sea-surrounded New Zealand. Last year we bought abroad as much as the 150,000,000 people of South America. About twenty-two cents of every dollar Canadians earn results directly from this country's ability to sell abroad. Wipe out the export markets and Canada cannot help but flounder. The domestic market is so small in relation to our resources developments that we use less than seven percent of the newsprint we make, and about five percent of the nickel and asbestos.

The sector of Canada's economy most vulnerable to the vagaries of foreign trade is agriculture. U. S. efforts to reduce its own huge grain surpluses through barter deals, sales for foreign currency and plain giveaways have severely cut into our overseas markets.

Wheat isn't our only export difficulty. Our high standard of living is based on wage rates that have raised the price of industrial products to a level that generally makes them unsaleable in overseas markets. Also most countries have tariff laws deliberately graded so that the duty on imports rises sharply with the degree of processing. Canadian fishermen can sell blocks of frozen fish in the U. S., but the duty jumps one third for prepared fish sticks.

The cost of manufacture is taking away even part of the domestic market from Canadian textile mills, rubber-footwear makers, electrical-apparatus producers and some other advanced manufacturers. Since 1951, sixty-five Canadian textile mills have been closed, most of them directly due to U. S., Japanese, Indian and other import competition. The average hourly labor

cost in a Japanese textile factory is the equivalent of about fifteen cents and includes bonus payments and a contribution to employee housing and food bills. The average Canadian textile mill wage, without fringe benefits, is \$1.08 an hour.

Probably the most baffling paradox in our economy is the average Canadian's reluctance to invest in the future of his own country. About a third of the economy is controlled by outsiders; in the oil and mining industries it's a lusty sixty percent.

No one can guess where the mining boom—the most exciting single part of the postwar story of Canadian business—will end.

### Our big power is nuclear

H. A. Graves, of the federal Department of Mines and Technical Surveys Mineral Resources Division, has estimated that only one fifth of Canada's one million square miles of favorable mineral prospecting ground has so far been closely investigated. Geologists believe that at least half of our 900,000 square miles of potential oil-bearing land remains unexplored. We are still using only a quarter of our hydroelectric power. Government experts estimate our potential of nuclear power is twenty-five times greater than the country's total hydro resources.

Projects like the seaway, Kitimat and Labrador iron have added drama to our postwar growth, but they are only a small indication of our real wealth in natural resources.

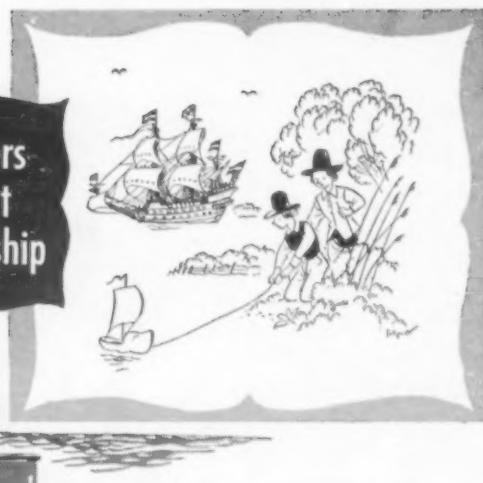
Canadian mines steadily grind out forty-seven elements, including the world's largest share of nickel and asbestos and second greatest portion of

## Could peace end the boom?

**COULD THE BOOM** continue if East-West tensions disappeared and we felt safe in cutting heavily back on the navy, army and air force and shutting down armament plants? Permanent peace, Communist leaders have always assured their followers, would crumble the West's prosperity. We are, the Reds insist, prisoners of our own defense program.

Canada will probably remain partly mobilized for many years. But it's interesting to theorize about the effects of sudden, genuine peace. Disbanding of the armed forces would put 117,000 veterans into the labor market. Most of them could be absorbed with little difficulty—about 150,000 Canadians join the labor force every year. Business dislocation would not be too serious. Less than half the defense budget is allocated to industrial procurement. (Most of the balance is spent for military pay and allowances and mutual aid to NATO partners.)

The impact of a halted defense program would be reduced because our primary defense contractors are diversifying their output. A. V. Roe Canada Ltd., for example, now produces buses and railway cars, as well as jets. If and when defense spending can be cut, it will be done gradually, with accompanying tax reductions. That will stimulate more consumer demand, which in turn will give most defense contractors an opportunity to switch into civilian production. The health of the Canadian economy today seems to be independent of defense spending.



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## SWORD DANCE OF THE VICTORIOUS

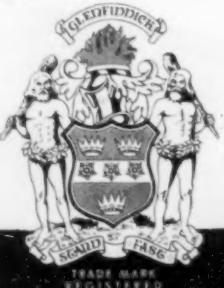
Warrior's dance of rejoicing and victory, the steps of the Scottish sword dance require accuracy as well as fleetness of foot. The dancer may touch neither sword nor scabbard. One of the oldest and most beautiful of the Highlander's dances, it is said to have originated on the early battlefields of Scotland.

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gold and zinc. Canada ranks fourth highest in copper and lead production, possibly second in uranium output, although exact figures are secret. Canadian mills make half of the world's newsprint—three out of five of the world's newspaper pages are printed on Canadian paper.

There seems to be no shortage of future Canadian economic milestones. One of the world's largest lead-zinc deposits has been outlined at Pine Point, on the south shore of Great Slave Lake. The ore body is reported to be thirty-six miles long, three miles wide and up to one hundred feet thick. A 435-mile railroad will have to be built from Grimshaw, Alta., before mining can start. Other lead-zinc strikes have been made around the Selwyn Mountains in the Yukon and Northwest Territories and in the Yukon's Keno Hill region.

Vast quantities of nickel have been discovered near Kluane Lake in the Yukon, inside Rankin Inlet, on the west coast of Hudson Bay, at Mystery Lake in northern Manitoba, and in the Werner and Populus Lakes region of western Ontario. Uncounted millions of tons of iron ore have been found on Hudson Bay's Belcher Islands, at Payne Bay on the west coast of Ungava Bay and around the Yukon's Lake Laberge. At Ungava Lake, in northern Quebec, the world's largest titanium deposit is providing one of the key ingredients for the jet age wonder metals.

Canada's first industrial estate is now being built on Annacis Island, near the mouth of the Fraser River, ten miles from downtown Vancouver. The development, backed by the estate of England's late Duke of Westminster, will transform the island into an avenue of industries. Two hundred and fifty factories will be built and rented to Canadian manufacturers who need production space but want to avoid spending money on their own construction. Two years ago, Annacis was a derelict island occupied by thirteen families, farming sixty of its twelve hundred acres.

A seven-hundred-million-dollar development has been planned for Taku Inlet, in northern British Columbia. The scheme, if it goes ahead, will include an artificial deepwater port and a water-storage system which, next to the Great Lakes, will be the largest in North America. The Yukon River will be redirected through turbine-filled caves into the Pacific, generating more than four million horsepower. The energy will be used to process cobalt, nickel, iron and manganese ores from Alaska, southwest Africa, and the Philippines.

In spite of the unequalled prosperity of the past fifteen years, Canada does not seem to be approaching its economic rooftop. There are still plenty of rungs on the ladder. Even the most conservative Canadian businessmen, the bank presidents, have been avoiding their traditional speeches about "viewing the future with alarm." Their feelings were probably most concisely summed up at Toronto-Dominion Bank's annual meeting. "Canadians," said President A. C. Ashforth, "never had it so good." ★

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# IN THE editors' confidence



Charles Jarrott plays the ghost who haunted a bank.



Alene Kamins stars as the tragic Jenny of the circus.



Jonathan White as fiery reformer Andrew McNoran.

## TV comes to us for the Canadian touch

**WE HAVE NEVER** subscribed to the theory that the invention of television would prevent people from reading magazines. As a matter of fact, we've always thought that TV would make people more interested in other mediums of expression—as radio did. We're happy to note that our rising circulation (now 510,000) seems to confirm this. Actually we believe that TV has something to offer magazines and that magazines have something to offer TV. The other day we invited a whole raft of nationally known TV performers to talk about their business in an informal discussion; and the results will be appearing in our next issue. And, as this magazine is published, TV viewers will have the opportunity of seeing on their screens, adaptations of the three prize-winning stories in Maclean's 1954-55 Fiction Contest.

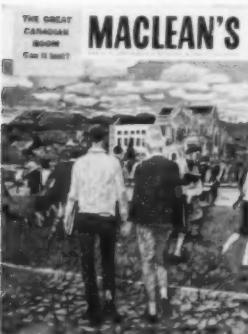
The first-prize story, Ann Henry's *The Magic Life*, a touching tale of a traveling carnival, will be presented on General Motors Theatre, March 27, at 8 p.m. EST. The starring role of Jenny will be played by Alene Kamins, a newcomer to video. A veteran actor, Jerry Sarracini, will play the hard-boiled Mac. The adaptation—a difficult one—was handled by Joseph Schull, one of Canada's outstanding radio, stage and television dramatists. Leo Ornstein, the producer, liked the tale from the outset. "Too often," he writes us, "we get plays that involve jitney emotions that spill all over living-room sets; *The Magic Life* creates a fascinating world of crudity and vulgarity balanced with sensitivity and perception."

Our second-prize story, Michael Sheldon's *The Spirit of the Bank* of

Lower Canada, will be presented in the On Camera series, Saturday, March 24, at 9 p.m. EST. Adapted by Leslie McFarlane, of the National Film Board, it stars Charles Jarrott as the disembodied ghost writer and James Edmond as the bank historian. Ronald Weyman, its producer, says he'll build duplicate sets to get the ghost's transparent effect. One set will be completely in black. The ghost will perform in this set in front of one camera, while a second camera will superimpose a picture of the second set.

Our third-prize-winning story, Doris French's *The Burning Crusade* of Andrew McNoran, will be produced in the On Camera series Saturday, March 31, at 9 p.m. EST. It stars a young Canadian actor, Jonathan White. Another newcomer, Audrey Hermant, plays opposite him. As the story is a political satire, producer Ted Kotcheff needed a writer capable of walking a political tightrope to adapt it. He chose Eugene Hallman, formerly the supervising producer of the CBC's controversial Cross Section program and now organizer of special TV shows dealing with public affairs.

Sydney Newman, the supervising producer of the TV drama department at CBC, was the man who made the original decision to adapt Maclean's stories for television. He did so, he tells us, because he was looking for stories that sprang out of Canadian experience—and he was getting very few of them. We were delighted to cooperate with him. As time goes on we hope there'll be plenty more Maclean's stories on television, just as we're sure there'll be plenty more stories about television in Maclean's. ★



### The perils of painting

While sketching this cover of the campus of the University of British Columbia, artist James Hill was knocked flying by a galloping student. Hill—who fears his youthful face betrays his adult dignity—recalls the accident with pleasure. "Sorry, sir," the student apologized. "Respect," Hill sighs happily. "Deserved but so seldom received."

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# Parade

## The Unknown Danger Of Breast Removal

BY JOAN MORRIS

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breast cancer or  
a tumor strikes, the  
operation is rarely fatal.

But the danger to your own  
estimate of yourself as a woman  
can be a severe shock — if you are  
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ON SALE NOW!

### HOW MA CAN SAVE ON EASTER EGGS

WE'VE BEEN HOARDING a money-saving tip for young parents for a whole year and now if they'll just bide their time a few more days they can cash in on it. A few days after Easter last year a woman we know met a young mother in a department store buying cut-rate Easter eggs at a clearance sale. Our friend said she'd often bought greeting cards cheap after Christmas herself, but Easter eggs — wouldn't the chocolate be sort of stale a year later?

"Oh, my kids are still little tykes," explained the mother quickly. "I just told them Easter isn't till next Sunday."

\* \* \*

Talk about keeping the wolf from the door. We'll tell you about a farmer near Zenon Park, Sask., who's



been losing the odd goose to coyotes. He decided it might be a wise precaution to lock his sheep up at night, and the next morning when he went to let them out he discovered he'd shut a coyote in the barn with them, in the dark. The coyote must have been as startled by the experience as either the farmer or the sheep because he hadn't touched the animals, so after the farmer had slammed the barn door again and run for his gun he was able to score a clean victory.

\* \* \*

We keep waiting to hear what Pravda will make of the blatant example of free enterprise with which an ingenious small businessman in Ottawa exploited the fire that gutted the Soviet embassy there. He bought up all the colored postcards of the embassy he could get his hands on and mailed them to householders with the inscription: "It can happen to anyone, even you. Why not let George check and repair your wiring . . ."

\* \* \*

We've just been talking to a Toronto traveler who was so disgusted he forgot to tell us at what railway station in eastern Ontario this happened. Anyway, he had to run for the local in the pouring rain, felt one of his rubbers fly off, couldn't stop, and finally flung himself onto the rear platform in a fury. He was so

mad he hauled off his remaining rubber and threw it from the moving train, at which precise moment the first one landed beside him with a plunk, thrown by a helpful track-walker standing by the platform. He picked this up and looked at it helplessly, then heaved it overboard too, figuring the co-operative track-walker might as well have both.

\* \* \*

Toronto postal officials will admit they're second to no others when it comes to figuring out queer addresses, and they've been having a lot of practice these last few years with people from almost every country in Europe moving to Canada and being pursued by mail from home. One letter has them stumped, though. It came from Italy and was evidently intended for a recent arrival who hadn't had any chance to learn the language or write home more than about once. The address was written as "24 No Heavy Trucks, Toronto."

\* \* \*

The folks who live on tiny Cortes Island, a hundred miles north of Vancouver, are used to carrying flashlights wherever they go. So one night when a fellow and his wife went into a store and found that the bulb had burned out in the telephone booth, located in a dark corner of the shop, it was no problem at all. The wife plucked her flash from her purse, took off the receiver, set it



down to pick up the phone book, found her number, dialed it, turned off her flash to save the battery and waited for someone to answer her call. They did, but she seemed to have a bad connection because though they could hear her she couldn't hear them. Attracted by all her shouting and fussing, her waiting hubby turned on his own light to see what the trouble was and found she was holding her flashlight to her ear instead of the receiver.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

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